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NATURAL HISTORY AND HUMAN LIFE

Giving to Man a New World and a New Hope

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AMONG amateur philosophers—such as most of us are—it has been for ages customary to recognize three sides of human life, the practical, the emotional and the intellectual. These correspond to hand, heart and head in old-fashioned parlance, to what the modern psychologists call our conative, emotional and cognitive activities. The classification is convenient when we think of natural history and human life, for in this connection the three aspects stand out clearly. Man traffics virtually with the biosphere of animals and plants that surrounds him; he finds it a source of joy and of fear, a beauty-feast and an inspiration; and, thirdly, he tries to understand its sequences. Thus have arisen biotechnics, nature-poetry and biology—always in some measure interwoven, not existing as three separate cords.

Man's Practical Relations with Nature

No doubt practical relations came first, though never without their atmosphere of feeling, and soon associated with a traditional lore.

Our ancestors fought with wild beasts and tested wild plants; and it is difficult to exaggerate the importance of these early struggles and siftings. They engendered courage, foresight and ingenuity, these early competitive relations with wild animals. They wrought out discretion and a sense of cause-and-effect, these early life-and-death experiments which distinguished palatable from poisonous plants. As man's foothold became firmer, there was the beginning of domestication and cultivation. The Neolithic hunter brought the wolf's orphaned cubs home as playmates for his children, and gradually he evolved the sentinel of the cave and the lake-dwelling, the domestic dog, which became at a later date the guardian of the herds, and eventually man's responsible partner in active shepherding and in the chase. The domestication of the dog, which came first, made flocks and herds possible, and while emphasis is naturally laid on the fact that man evolved the dog, the other side must not be overlooked that man's own evolution was influenced by the animals which he brought

from the biosphere into his kingdom. The secret of domestication has been lost, but part of it was sympathy; and this must have been continued in the subsequent improvement of breeds, especially in the case of those domesticated animals, like dog and horse, that were taken by man into responsible partnership.

Similarly, the hungry huntsman who was attracted by the plump kernels of the wild wheat, rubbed them in his hands, blew away the chaff—as country children still do—and had a big mouthful, must have taken samples home for his wife to enjoy. And women were doubtless the first gardeners. In some such way, with the frequent mingling of the fortuitous and foresighted, there began cultivation—another influential discipline of the developing human spirit. For plant-breeding, like animal-breeding, makes demands on man's capacities for self-denial, patience and foresight. Anthropologists have emphasized the importance of the hunting period in the making of man, but one must not forget what was learned in the prehistoric garden.

It is interesting to reflect that man was a practical evolutionist for thousands of years before the old Greek philosophers began to think of evolutionary cosmology. It cannot be supposed that prehistoric man quite realized what he was doing when he evolved the wolf into the dog, or a wild grass into wheat; indeed no one before Darwin clearly saw what this transformation implied. Yet we cannot help thinking that these ancient experimenters were the initiators of an evolutionary tradition—sometimes lost like a subterranean river,

and then re-appearing—a tradition of the possible transformation of life, from the wild horse to the willing servant, from the wild grape to the cultivated vine. We do not know whether these ancient discoveries became in any *direct* way part of the "primary unconscious," but there is no difficulty in postulating a social (extra-organismal) heritage and a process of selection that would favor those individuals who had an intrinsic historic sense and were sensitively educable in the social tradition. In any case organic evolution seems to have proceeded, and does continue to proceed, on the principle that nothing succeeds like success. To him that hath, shall be given; and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have. In some way, man's personality was enriched by his early endeavors to bring plants and animals into his kingdom—the socio-sphere—by cultivation and domestication.

Our thesis may seem plausible in regard to such intimate relations as domesticating and cultivating—does not bee-keeping sweeten the disposition and the culture of silkworms make for gentleness?—but does this hold at all for the long drawn out story of man's efforts to make more and more of the natural resources of sea and land? Age after age man improved his exploitation and added to the list of plants and animals proved to be good to eat or otherwise useful. Did this react on human life? To a greater degree, probably, than any one has yet realized, though the French sociologist Le Play and the geographer Reclus had their illuminating interpretations,

which have been extended and sublimed by the genius of their continuator, Professor Patrick Geddes. "Folk, Work, Place"; "*Famille, Travail, Lieu*"; correspond in sociology to the biologist's "Organisms, Functionings, Environments"—the three coördinates of life, the three sides of the natural history prism. Men of diverse temperaments incline to diverse occupations—hunters, shepherds, fishermen, farmers, miners and so forth; and the congruent occupation emphasizes their characteristics. There is a Cain and an Abel in many a family; and the tilling of the ground makes the Cain more *farouche*, just as the shepherding makes the Abel more gentle. We are not supposing that the "acquired characters" induced by the primary occupations became racial features, but we believe that different ways of living definitized temperamental and physical types, partly by the elimination of the unsuitable and partly by the establishment of social traditions. Both of these modes of operation would be especially potent when the nature of the country narrowed the possibilities of successful living. As Le Play pointed out, there are diverse social forms corresponding to the staple foods; a rice-civilization must be different from a wheat-civilization; a pastoral people must be different—even in religion—from a fisher folk. In early days natural history was the lore of the occupation, and from the influence of this it is impossible to try to isolate human life. Since the discovery of Mendelian inheritance we have looked with a fresh eye on the perennial problems of eugenics, but Mendelism is in the di-

rect line of succession from the experiments of the early breeders in the pen and of the early cultivators in the garden. How proud we are of the achievements of modern medicine, such as hormone-treatment to balk certain diseases; but many of these novelties take us back, often by devious paths, to the old animal simples and herbalist therapeutics. Sometimes, no doubt, the history lands us in almost unintelligible superstition and magic, but often in ancient practical lore of which the modern physician need not be ashamed. Such then is our first point, that man's practical relations to natural history have led to the amelioration of his life. That this continues is evident to all who look round them to-day.

Man's Esthetic Relation to Nature

When prehistoric man gained firmer footing he had leisure to look about and to enjoy. Even among animals there may be susceptibility to beauty, how much more in man who is instinct with reason. The bower-bird's delight in decorating its courtship bower is more than the beginning of esthetic emotion. In the drawings on the walls of caves there is abundant evidence of early man's enjoyment of fine lines and dramatic presentation.

Now it is characteristic of animate nature that it is full of beauty—full of a quality that excites the esthetic emotion. Almost everywhere in wild nature, there is overflowing beauty of form and color, and the objective side of this beauty is that it expresses harmonious living, orderly growth and exuberant health. No doubt, just as with pictures, there is

easy beauty, like that of the bird of paradise, and difficult beauty, like that of the snake; but apart from exceptions that prove the rule all fully formed wild organisms, living an independent life, have the hallmark of beauty. This is one of the delights of natural history, it deals with masterpieces of beauty—the coral, the sea-lily, the butterfly, the nautilus shell, the gemmeous dragonet, the humming-bird, the sinuous ermine amidst the snow, the fluorescent fronds of seaweed, the feathery moss, the cedar of Lebanon, the bluebells tinkling by the wayside, and the royal fern by the waterfall—

“... plant lovelier in its own retired abode . . . than Naiad by the side of Grecian brook, or Lady of the Mere, sole-sitting by the shores of old romance.”

There is, as we have said, easy beauty and difficult beauty; but are we not made ashamed of our casual glances, when we read the Hebrew poet's intimate appreciation of behemoth—the hippopotamus—whom he discovered in detail to be “the chief of the ways of God”?

To the simple sensory thrills which we enjoy in contemplating beautiful forms, colors and movements, there are added our perceptions of fitness, as in the flying bird, with its mastery of the air; second, a halo of pleasant memories and associations, which often count for much; and, third, certain subtle ideas, such as a vicarious pride when we see life bending materials to its purposes and love striking the harp of life with all its might. For while the appeal of beauty is sensory to begin with, it

awakens responses in heart and lungs, in circulation and endocrine glands; it acquires perceptual accessories and draws concepts within its thrill. The higher forms of beauty awaken the whole man; Wordsworth's heart danced with the jocund company of daffodils; and this has been part of man's discipline all through the ages. To suppose that there is not survival value in this susceptibility to beauty is a strange mistake of which some thoughtful evolutionists have been guilty. As to survival value, forsooth, think only of the pageant factor in war, and the lure not only of jewels but of every green and pleasant land. Moreover, variations in the direction of sensitiveness to color and music, not to speak of mathematics, are carried in the wake of less recondite organismal fitnesses with which they are correlated.

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Along with the esthetic emotion excited by the beauty of nature must be included the thrilling interest of the ways of living creatures. Many animals are like *Brer Rabbit*, homunculi with amazingly interesting habits. Even the somnolent plant world is full of situations that angels might desire to look into. There are, no doubt, many instances of prosaic pedestrian life, but one never can tell when the dramatic will emerge. The cormorant has its courtship; the life-history of the eel is a romance; the wayside tree thrills to the shadow of a passing cloud; the story of the cuckoo-spit on the grass is a novelette. Moreover, everything is the outcome of a dramatic evolution; with an exciting history behind it.

Thus while modern man is not so naïvely esthetic as his ancestors were, he has his compensations. He sees more of the subtlety of the nature-plot. The scientific mood cannot mingle with the esthetic, and may sometimes freeze it; yet there is a deep truth in saying: He loveth best who knoweth most. When the botanist has finished fingering the tree, the dryad comes back, fairer than ever. Even the withered leaves turn to fairy gold in the light of their natural history. The beauty of nature is like music, often grave as well as gay, yet always so perfect that one finds it a fountain of delight. Evolution, as Lotze said, has been "an onward-advancing melody."

Natural History as Intellectual Discipline

Man's third relation to nature and its history is intellectual. What would his mind have been if he had not learned in nature's school? Poincaré asks in one of his books how much science there would have been if man had been unable to see the stars. For it was thence that he had his first great object-lessons in uniformities. So in a wider way nature has been a rare Euclid, exciting man's curiosity, prodding him with puzzles, inviting, even insisting on, his inquiry. Often, one admits, necessity was the prolific mother of discovery, but intellectual curiosity was the father. Even when man lost his clue to new knowledge, as in the Dark Ages, he could not cease to be inquisitive. On the whole, we say, nature has afforded a discipline in observation, in analysis, in discerning uniformities of sequence, in dis-

covering the interrelations or linkages in the web of life. Man makes a working thought-model of nature; what he calls laws of nature are formulations of the uniformities of sequence which he experiences; but let us not forget how nature has made man.

For not only has nature's deeply penetrating changefulness helped to evoke new cerebral variations in man, but it has not ceased—except for vicious parentheses like the Dark Ages—to keep him moving on the path toward more light. Its waypost is a huge mark of interrogation. At every corner one sees a sphinx.

It must be kept in mind that though natural history as a science has had a long infancy, and has often had prolonged relapses into childishness, it has held before man the ideal of verifiable description in terms of measurable or registrable factors. If man got his fundamental scientific concepts from the stars overhead, he soon began to extend them by measuring the fields of earth on which he trod. And while geometry, mechanics and the like gave man his indispensable and fundamental training in exact scientific method, there were other lessons that could only be learned from the necessarily less exact natural history. For only in the realm of organisms could man learn the lesson of the interrelatedness of the multitudinous circles of life, and the central lesson of the unique process of organic evolution. Man's mind would have remained a sternly furnished room if it had not been for natural history. Partly because so many of the facts of natural history have a direct relation to the practical problems of human life—

as in domestication, cultivation, exploitation, naturalization, disease eradication, and other 'ations—the lesson of facing the facts was driven home. By living we learn, *vivendo discimus*; natural history has been to man a discipline in the veracities; Pasteur was to Darwin as works to faith.



Of the danger of forgetting the fundamental necessity of facing the facts lurid evidence is given by the Dark Ages, to which we have already referred. One of the greatest of biologists was Galen, who died about 200 A.D., but between him and Vesalius, whose epoch-marking book on the structure of the human body was published in 1543, there is a long night! So it was in other departments of science, for even in the study of the heavenly bodies there was darkness for over thirteen centuries between the cosmographer Ptolemy and Copernicus, whose revolutionary work, "*De revolutionibus orbium coelestium*" was published in the same year as Vesalius's "*De fabrica corporis humani*." For various reasons, still far from clear, but including extreme preoccupation with the practical tasks of war and peace, men lost for centuries the desire to see for themselves and to make new knowledge. The result was not only stagnancy, there was a relapse into wanton superstition and magic-mongering, well described by Dr. Charles Singer in his "*From Magic to Science*" (1928). Whenever man loses the natural history spirit of inquiry and its ideal of knowledge that can be verified by all normally constituted minds, he slips back into the mire; and of this there are sad instances in modern credulities.

"As is the world on the banks, so is the mind of man," Matthew Arnold tells us; and our simple point is just that the progress of natural history from the Renaissance onward has been a revelation of new worlds, to which man has reacted. To take a simple instance, the whole world became new when in the early seventeenth century the microscope became an everyday instrument of science. Not only did everything become more intricate as new details of structure were revealed, but the visible became explicable in terms of the invisible. Beginnings that had previously been x's, were shown to be microscopic ova; what had seemed to be the spontaneous generation of intricate animals, such as worms, was proved to be due to the intrusion of microscopic germs; the ends of Harvey's arteries were connected to the beginnings of his veins by the invisible capillaries which Malpighi was the first to demonstrate; what had seemed to be a hiatus was proved to be an invisible nerve-fiber, beside which a thread of gossamer appears gross. The earth became in a new sense living; there are more animalcules in a pail of water than we can see of stars on a clear night; the air we breathe teems with bacteria like the dust-motes illumined by a ray of light in a dark room. The little things of the world came to confound the strong; the visible was shown in the light of natural history to be explained by the invisible. It was a new world.

Lavoisier, the founder of modern chemistry, whom the Reds guillotined in their madness, crying, "The Republic has no need of savants," had a glimpse of a new world when,

utilizing Priestley's discovery or re-discovery of oxygen, he showed that all life implies combustion. He put the living body with its throbbing heart beside the candle with its flickering flame, and showed that both were burning. It was comparable with Newton's linkage of the falling apple to the distant moon. Like the floating seaweed to Columbus, so the simple experiment of Lavoisier presaged a new world—the biochemistry of today, disclosing a witch's caldron in every cell of our body. It was a new world to know that the changes of the living organism were in line with the oxidations and reductions, hydrations and dehydrations, solutions and catalyses that take place in the non-living world which we persist in calling inanimate. This is not of course to say that the caldron accounts for the witch, but that is another story.

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It was another new world when the prescience of Liebig, somewhat grotesquely most remembered for his beef-tea, disclosed the circulation of matter. The chemical elements, next door to being indestructible, pass from one collocation to another in a ceaseless cycle of fresh embodiments. From air to soil, from soil to plant, from plant to animal, from animal to man; and Cæsar's dust begins the dance anew. Animate nature is an unending cycle of reincarnations, and even the breaking-down of the radioactive elements throws the general conservation of matter into stronger relief. In a deep sense, all flesh is transmogrified grass and all flesh is reincarnated diatom. "After the last returns the first," as Browning put it, "though a long compass round be fetched." And what is true of matter

is true of energy, not that there is much difference, for the world is a flux of powers from guise to guise. Even living creatures make no energy, but are merely its transient transformers. "The stars see man to bed," the poet tells us, and so they do even when electric light is preferred. For our sun is a star or starlet, and what is the fountain and origin of all energy unless it be in the collisions and disintegrations of particles in these fierce whirlpools? The poet's fine hyperbole is verified: "Thou can'st not stir a flower without troubling of a star." Combining for the animate as well as for the inanimate the twin facts of the circulation and the conservation of matter and energy, we get an extraordinarily dynamic vision of the world—part of our natural history heritage.

Another new world that natural history is revealing to man is the interrelatedness of organisms. Nothing lives or dies to itself; one life-circle intersects many others; every life-history is a thread in an intricately woven web of life. As John Locke said: Everything is a retainer to some other part of nature. What Gilbert White discerned in 1777 in his "Natural History of Selborne" was demonstrated in detail by Charles Darwin in 1881, in his patient book on earthworms, which showed that these humble creatures have been the chief soil-makers throughout the world. Darwin amused people by his linkage of cats and clover, but this was merely a diagrammatic instance of the web of life. The bee pollinates the blossom, the missel-thrush plants the mistletoe, the water-wagtail affects the success of sheep-farming, the mos-

quito disseminates the malaria organism, the rat-flea the black death, and the tsetse-fly sleeping-sickness. The most characteristic aspect of nature is that of vital interrelations; what we see is like the rippling circles on a surface of a quiet pool dimpled by May-flies, one spreading orb influencing another beyond the ken of the wisest. Thus in man's social and political actions, it is not the immediate result alone that is important; there must be prevision of secondary and tertiary and remoter consequences. Nature has given man lesson after lesson in vital chess-playing; but he is not too willing to learn.



It was a Columbus voyage that Darwin took on the *Beagle*, for he discovered a new world—an evolved and evolving world. In a freshly concrete way, the present was seen as the child of the past and the parent of the future. The study of “being” changed into a study of “becoming.” “Everything,” as Bagehot said, “appeared as an antiquity,” the long result of time; and man himself as the offspring of the ages, solidary with antecedent creation. Darwin disclosed organic evolution as a manifold process of racial change in definite directions, in the course of which distinctively new forms arise, gain foothold and flourish, alongside of or in place of the originative stock. But he did more, for he began the scientific analysis of the factors operative in the sublime advancement of life, checkered no doubt by retrogressions: he began the precise study of variation and heredity, selection and isolation. Changing and entailing, sifting and singling—such was

Darwin's ætiology, and its general ideas remain valid to-day. But our present point is that Darwin disclosed a new world, more kinetic, less static, than before; and the world-wide drama of “organic becoming,” with discernible and verifiable factors in the plot, continues to become new every year. The evolution theory continues to evolve.

There seems danger ahead in man's increasing dissociation from the fundamental facts of organic life—sowing and growing, feeding and breeding, sifting and singling, which were close realities to our forefathers, but are mainly restricted to country-folk to-day. The townsman and the modern may have a wider knowledge of bookish natural history, but the country-folk, like their forebears, are in closer touch with the fundamentals of animate nature. This may seem to some an educational whim, but it goes to the heart of the matter. There is good reason to distrust statesmen and social reformers, educationists and philosophers who have not a first-hand realization of fruiting and seeding, sprouting and growing, feeding and flowering; and similarly with the trajectory of animal life. It is not merely that nothing can replace in early education the basal impressions of animate nature—“there was a child who went forth every day, and what that child saw became part of him for a day, or for a year, or for stretching cycles of year”; it is impossible to think rightly in an all-round way, about human affairs, without some concrete appreciation of what living means. Other things equal, the greater statesman will leave the plow like Cato, the greater

king will come from the sheep-pastures, the greater gospeler will leave his fishing-nets. Man is too near human life to see its deeper movements, the perspective of natural history is essential for wise government and for a progressive philosophy. Whether it be called a grip of natural history, or an understanding of the principles of biology, or an intelligent familiarity with the life of the country, seems to us to matter little; the essential quality of the statesman and reformer, the educationist and the philosopher, is being vividly aware of the facts of life. What is there in sociology which is not defined by the coördinates "Folk, Work, Place"—Le Play's "*Famille, Travail, Lieu*"; and what are these but the biologist's "Organisms, Functionings, and Environments"? And what are man's concrete ideals save "Eugenics, Eutecnics, and Eutopias," obviously the projections of what is held to be best on each of the three sides of the biological prism. That there is a eupsychic aspect of each is also plain, though belonging to another story.

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We have been defending the thesis that natural history has enriched human life from generation to generation, and along three main lines—practical, esthetic and intellectual. But we must return to the difficult question, just touched in passing, *Of what does the enrichment precisely consist?* In regard to the first half of the answer there is unanimity. Man has been individually enriched by the Aladdin's Cave which he has discovered in nature; and he has invested part of his wealth in the undying social heritage. What he has person-

ally gained he has made racial by expressing it in institutions, traditions, scientific archives, literature, art and all sorts of permanent products, of which the ant-hill and the termitary are faint animal adumbrations. To this extra-organismal registration of gains no small part of man's progress has been due; and the chief end of education is to learn to use the available social heritage—not that many succeed more than partly.

But a sharp difference of opinion arises when we ask whether there is not organismal entailment as well. To many competent thinkers, well-represented by Herbert Spencer, it seems unbelievable that there should not be from generation to generation some entailment of individual gains. On this supposition Herbert Spencer's evolutionary psychology was based—the racial entailment of individual gains, or, in other words, the representative transmission of individually acquired characters. The technical phrase "acquired characters" is used to mean all the modifications of body or mind that are directly due to peculiarities in habits and surroundings. In the course of centuries, the average individual has become more controlled, more skilful, more intellectual, more farsighted, more altruistic, more sensitive to beauty; and, apart from the social heritage, this amelioration is due, we are told, to the gradual hereditary accumulation of individual gains. Every parent adds his or her quota to the hereditary racial capital, and thus the stock gets better and better every day, or worse and worse, when debts accumulate and the capital depreciates. This is the familiar Lamarckian theory of

the hereditary transmission of representatives at least of the individual parent's gains and losses. It is an attractive hypothesis, but it cannot be called a proven theory; and it is difficult to think out the organic arrangements by which the entailment could be effected.

The other theory of man's organismal advance is Neo-Darwinian. It is less easily stated; it has never been carefully worked out; it makes fewer postulates than the Lamarckian theory. (1) Variations in the nervous system are common, such as increase in the numbers and linkages of nerve-cells in particular parts of the brain. (2) These variations have a germinal origin, being due to new permutations and combinations among or in the hereditary factors within the germ-cells. Diverse reasons for these reshufflings and augmentations and changes in the hereditary cards can be given, but that is not our present business. (3) Many of these germinal variations that concern the nervous system are certainly transmissible, and many cases are known where particular aptitudes or talents are entailed for several generations. (4) A long-continued progressive neuro-mental variation, in the cortex of the cerebral hemispheres, led from tree-shrews to marmosets, from marmosets to monkeys, from monkeys to the common ancestors of anthropoids and tentative men. Similar cerebral variations have continued in *Homo sapiens*, and they have formed the raw materials of man's mental and moral evolution. It is not that each parent added his or her gains to the hereditary capital, it is rather that the hereditary capital automatically grew like banked

money at compound interest. Thus there was in the course of millenniums an advancement in man's capacity of learning from nature, of utilizing the social heritage, or thrilling to beauty and responding to the call of kinship. (5) What was it then that was entailed cumulatively from generation to generation? It was the inborn hereditary "nature," not the results of impressed "nurture," though "nurture" would ever have its rôle in educing the resources of the "nature." But if one says that the individual's experience does not count in the evolution of the race, that is rebounding to an extreme and untenable position. For the rôle of the individual experience is to test and try the individual variations, to put them to the proof for rejection or for fostering, as the case may be. The individual may trade with his talents to advantage; he may use his hereditary increment to reach a higher level of investment.

The main method of individual human evolution has been the *selection of variations in susceptibility to environmental stimuli*, including, of course, those of the society itself. The other side of the sifting is the elimination of the intellectually, esthetically, practically, and ethically unsusceptible. For the time being, unfortunately if necessarily, this elimination is for the most part in abeyance in civilized communities. But this way perdition lies unless man can substitute for the natural selection of nature's régime, to which there can be no return, some methods of rational and social selection which will continue the plus and minus winnowing without which there can be no stability, still less

progress. We must return to our natural history to get hints of the forms this new winnowing may take; and yet we must not remain there, for a biologism which ignores the transcendence of man over mammal may be as fallacious as a materialism which ignores the transcendence of life over matter.

Philosophical

Philosophy is the attempt to think resolutely about our experience as a whole, and the question now arises: What has natural history to contribute to every man's philosophy? Man finds himself as part of a great vibrating *systema naturæ*, out of which he has emerged, which has made him what he is, and apart from which he is unpicturable. Of this system man has become the investigator, and by understanding or formulation he has made it his minister. With the torch of clear-headed knowledge, ever brightening into science, he conquers a kingdom. It may be venturing a little beyond strict science, but when we are trying to see things whole, it seems as if nature had been a preparation for man, and in some real sense friendly. In any case it was out of nature that man emerged, and nature has not ceased to favor his evolution. By its wealth he has attained to well-being; by its beauty he has risen to art; its birds have taught him music; its intelligibility has made him wise; its inexorabilities have been for his ethical instruction.

The ancient listeners were right, there are voices of nature which reverberate through all the earth. There is the wind that engenders practical wisdom, the building of a

flood-proof house with deep foundations, the harvesting of the crops before the rain, the furling of the sails before the storm. So nature, saying "struggle," has educated man's hands. The second voice in the old story was the earthquake, shaking the floor of the cave-dwelling, bidding man wonder and fear, teaching him reverence and yet enjoyment too, educating his heart. The third voice in the parable was the fire, which burns up rubbish, which separates gold from its matrix, which gives light; and what is this but science? So nature, saying, "inquire," educates man's head. "Endeavor," "enjoy and reverence," "inquire"—these are the three voices of nature, and we have been poor students of natural history if we have not heard them. In the Old Testament story they were preludes to "the still small voice," or, better, "the voice of quietness" which we take to indicate religion or poetry or philosophy (sisters, if not identities); but that is obviously another story. What we are seeking to indicate is the old truth of a Bible of Nature, a *Biblion Naturæ*, which men may peruse. What a ludicrously prosaic idea it is to think that natural history is something that one reads up from "Outlines of Zoology" and "Chapters in Modern Botany"! Natural history is perusing the Bible of Nature. To be more concrete, we are not supposing that ants and bees arose in the course of evolution as object-lessons for the man of the distant future; but we do definitely say that from a study of these admirable but deplorable socialists man may learn something that might save him many years of tears. They are for our warning.

Natural history contributes to every man's philosophy the picture of animate nature as *all for health*, outside man's precincts and some puzzling parasitisms, and *all for beauty*, again with some exceptions that prove the rule. Natural history discloses the fact of organic evolution, which has been, throughout the ages, *on the whole* integrative. There have been retrogressions and age-long eddies, but on the whole the fact we see is progressive evolution, making for greater fullness and freedom of life. With Emerson we see the worm "mounting through all the spires of form, striving to be man." One of the largest facts of natural history, coming near a gospel, is the trend, never hasting, never resting, toward greater mastery of environment and increased freedom in self-expression. The biggest fact in the story of organic evolution is the growing emancipation of mind; and we see no reason for believing that this trend has stopped. The good news of natural history is that the momentum of organic evolution has been in the direction of clear-headedness, health, and kin-sympathy—in the direction of the true, the beautiful, and the good, the ideals which man at his best has always held to be best. Nature is not against us, but with us; the momentum of evolution is within us, and more for good than for ill, if we give it a chance.

Let us cease thinking of natural history merely as a department of science that provides fairy-tales, reads riddles, solves puzzles, reveals beauty, discloses a drama, increases our food supply, and decreases our parasites. It is all that, of course,

but it has a higher service to render to man, as a lamp to his feet, a light to his path. What is the good of all this investigating and experimenting, collecting and classifying, theorizing and criticizing? It is not wholly, to use Bacon's phrase, "for the glory of the Creator," it is also "for the relief of man's estate." Not merely by making two blades of grass grow where one grew before, and increasing the harvest of the sea; not only by evolving the wolfishness out of the dog; not merely by checking such diseases as malaria and sleeping-sickness, and balking such dire parasites as hookworm and Bilharzia; not only by discovering laws of heredity and variation; but by giving man a new world and a new hope—the wiser control of life. The study of natural history is giving man a New Organum which would have delighted Bacon's heart. For knowledge is foresight, and foresight is power. *Sursum corda.*

There are certain questions to which science, if true to its methods and métier, must restrict itself. These questions are: What is this? Whence and how did it come? How does it keep agoing? What is its immediate future? But as philosophers we are bound to ask what is the meaning of all this? What is its significance and purpose, if it has any? The characteristic scientific questions are: What? Whence? How? Whither? But the characteristic philosophical question is, Why? Science reduces orders of fact to the lowest available common denominators, and describes or formulates in terms of these, reaching, perhaps, to laws of nature. But religion or philosophy sees the orders

of fact in the light of a greatest common measure, and seeks to interpret them in terms of this, sending tendrils, perhaps, toward the thoughts of God. Here confessedly we pass beyond science, and beyond the limits of our prescribed theme. But we have this to say, and with increasing

conviction as the years pass, that the new natural history is demonstrating to man that the system of animate nature to which he belongs is a world congruent with the religious mood, a world in which the religious spirit can breathe freely and possibly enjoy at times the Vision of God.

SUPPLICATION

MADELEINE MOSCHENROSS

Lord, make me immune this Spring . . .
 Calm, untouched . . . let no green thing
 Blind my eyes nor grip my heart.
 Let me stand aloof . . . apart.

Let my lip not tremble when
 Lovers slip through moon-glazed glen,
 While I walk alone . . . nor see
 Star-dust on a cherry-tree.

Make me deaf to each wild tune,
 Thrush and lark and river-rune . . .
 Fill me not with vague unrest . . .
Kill this surging in my breast!

Nor let lilacs wet with dew
 Stir old dreams nor fashion new . . .
 Shield me from the hurt of Spring,
 God, a heart's a fragile . . . thing.

THIRTY TO TWENTY

The High Chair Speaks to the Cradle

IRWIN EDMAN

I FEEL that I have something special to say to you that I am, perhaps, by age peculiarly placed to say, and that you may, perhaps, be not unwilling to hear. You and I can still understand each other; at thirty I have still most of your enthusiasm and passions; at thirty I still hear myself sometimes described as a young man. The middle-aged still seem to me, as they seem to you, stuffy and settled. With you I still want to make the world something closer to the clarified heart's desire, and still think it can so be made. There are all sorts of illusions, sweet, persistent and foolish by which we both still live. Love is one of them, I think, though I hardly believe in its eternity any longer (as I suspect you do). That old spoilt child of eighteenth century reason, is another—the perfectability of human nature. And, when digestion is in order (as alas at thirty it is not always), I think I share, though more quietly, your own sensibility to the colors and shapes of the world about you. A custom of years of concert going, has not withered or staled my excitements about music. While I resent the displacement of travel more than I used to, you will recall seeing me not infrequently at the art exhibitions last year.

While I am not as hopeful as you seem to be of any new scheme of salvation that creeps into the public consciousness, I have not been so shattered by skepticisms but that I still warm to any movement, liberal and hopeful, that any prophet or propagandist may launch upon our time. Friends still constitute part of the delightful furniture of heaven and earth, though I have lost some by death, and others by default, on their part or on my own. And I do not make friends, I find, as easily as I used to, as freely as you still do.

In all these major respects, I think we are of the same fraternity, if not of quite the same generation. But ten years make a difference and I suspect the last ten years have made a greater difference than a decade usually can create. There are the perpetual differences between twenty and thirty of which I hardly need to remind you. If you do not know them, you will find them out for yourself in ten years or so. Life at thirty can scarcely be said to be over. I have not wasted my soul or my substance, having, perhaps, not too much of either to waste. With good luck, there are doubtless any number of pleasant possibilities that the world still holds open. But none the less at thirty, one begins to look

back, like Marcel Proust, at "le Temps Perdu." Unless one has his genius for salvaging it by putting it into a book, there is much of the last ten years that to a thirty year old man, will appear blind effort, or effortless waste. There are the things he might well have done and did not do, the things it is quite too late to regret doing. Regret, Spinoza insists, is a wasteful emotion, and here in this August sunlight in the mountains a thousand feet above a Swiss lake, regret seems strangely trivial and irrelevant. But one does have regrets that at your age (as I write this suddenly, you do seem very young) you cannot have. Heaven knows I have seen you waste time and waste emotion. But hardly long enough to have it matter very much. In the long run you will have profited by most of it, and it can all be set down to experience. There is still lots of time to learn better. Your elders know that and forgive you for your as yet unbroken promise. You know it yourself, and life is full of too much color and glamour to give you much pause to care whether you know it or not. When some escape or detour turns out to be quite blind and futile, you have always the comfort of knowing, that, like a musician, with a fertile and vivacious theme, you can start another variation. At thirty, one knows, one's friends know, that the theme is less fertile than one thought it, and one cannot forever start anew.

That difference of perspective, I think, indicates the dates that lie between us. Once I told you I had been in my present profession ten years. You replied in some amused surprise that you had been doing

nothing as yet for ten years. You are still perplexed and stimulated by the possible. At thirty much of the perplexity and the excitement of it will have vanished. You will have found your field to furrow or your garden to cultivate. You will hate it or love it, but you will be perforce acquiescent. You will, to use one of your favorite expressions, be considerably less high hat about your world.



But if I may continue to remind you of things of which I said you needed no reminder, the chief differences between us lie within the limits of our resemblances. I said at thirty I still believe in all the old and saving illusions, love and friendship and the perfectability of human nature and each new cause, as hopeful, as touching, as doomed as the story of any human life. I believe in them however, with a difference. To say indeed that I believe in them is a kind of falsity. I am still young enough to be susceptible to them. I long ago, however, discovered all the things about them that trouble you in the very temple of your delight. You fly from ecstasy to disenchantment. Now love gilds your world completely, and now you perceive the shallowness of the gilt. Now love is a winged spirit, now it is a gross biological illusion. With those sometimes eloquent lips of yours with which you swear it is eternal, you know—how many poets of our day have told you—that it is scarcely even temporary. It is defeasible not simply by death but by distraction. People do not simply die; they move away. The three or four Springs of your adolescence have taught you much of the cynical wisdom of the

ages on this theme so salty and so sweet. At thirty, unless human nature changes as rapidly as the radio and the aeroplane, you will be both less lyrical and less cynical. You will be able to love, indeed you will still have to love. But you will not have to or want to talk about it with the hardness of the cynic or the rapture of the fool. I suspect you may not want to talk about it at all.

As to the perfectibility of human nature—even in this age of sophistication, you still believe in that, though its instrument is not God or salvation but psychoanalysis or glandular secretions or some still more fashionable modern nostrum. It is only stupidity or special interest, you insist, that makes our world such a chaos. I know how much you feel that. I have seen you standing against my bookcase, one elbow resting on a bust of Socrates, the other disarranging a set of Gibbon, while you poured out your sense of how easy it would be to have a tidy ordered cosmos. Once you brought a friend with you who was not so sure. He had been reading some of the modern futilitarians by whom, I notice, you yourself are beginning to be touched. He went to the other extreme and insisted that nothing could be done, and that if it could, how did anybody know it was worth doing.

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At thirty my generation particularly has lost its fantastic faith of before the war, and the fantastic melancholy into which you and your sad young companions have fallen. I told you some paragraphs back, there was a peculiar difference between us. There is, and it is the war, responsible, or held to be so, for so many cu-

rious and deplorable features of our post-war world. It is impossible to believe, as firmly as you, in any covenant or instrument that will outlaw war, the method, so to speak, that will permanently legalize happiness. Remember, my contemporaries and I were just a little under twenty when the war broke out. That impact shattered our facile little Utopias. But we have lived to see the world go on after all the muck and agony and disillusion. We cannot or will not allow ourselves to ask as many questions about purpose and futility as you ask.

At thirty one has lived long enough to see hopes foundered and enthusiasms wrecked in the lives of one's self and one's friends. One has lived long enough, too, to have gained some respect for the paradoxical persistence, the incredible vitality of life. One still believes in possible worlds. Perhaps to cease to have that happy animal faith is to cease to live. Perhaps having it is what makes me side with you as over against middle-age where these slightly aging bones of mine begin to tell me I belong. It is not that I have given up asking ultimate things about life. But at thirty one begins to appreciate Samuel Butler's salty remark, "Is life worth living? That is a question for an embryo, not for a man."

We differ, too, in our enthusiasms for the things of the senses and the arts. I envy you your appetite. We dined together, you remember, about a month ago. I begrudged you your ability to eat lobster and ice-cream and drink a bottle of wine. I pride myself on being an Epicurean, but as the French say, *en detail*. I admire your perfectly rabid hunger for sen-

sations. Mine is more moderate. If I have studied physiology to any account, yours will be. It is not simply the difference in our physique. There is a fundamental difference, I think, in our philosophy of sensation. Especially in that refined form of it which is our passion for the arts. You have been reading Pater, I suspect, and like most sensitive young men, have been seduced by his conclusion to the "Renaissance." "To burn always with a hard gem-like flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life." Well, in the first place, it cannot be done. Thirty can tell you; forty, I suspect, could underline it. And there are other kinds of success, more rich and more enduring. Beauty is still for you a kind of escape from a distressing world that does not come up to your adolescent specifications. You wish to retire into it, as into a marble and lucid monastery. You will learn very likely, and soon enough, that you do not wish to live in a monastery, and you will have a family and a profession to entangle you deliciously or excitingly or depressingly in something else than the Quest for Beauty and the pure fire of sensation. You will less and less want to live like a stanza out of Edna St. Vincent Millay. I say this with a conviction born of an experience you cannot have had, precocious youngster though you are. Adolescence is the great egoistic period not simply because it is the age when a personality begins to be acutely, often agonizingly aware of itself. It is the period of egotism because the conditions of life are, despite the pressure of teachers and preachers and family, relatively independent. You are tied by the glamorous loose knots of ado-

lescent love and the bonds—rhetorically eternal, actually so loose and light—of adolescent friendship. But you are free as yet of the tight obligations of matrimony and a career. The more fortunate among you can think of life as the material for an exquisite soliloquy of sensation, rather than simply the colloquies, the dialogues, the drama in which willy-nilly life will involve you. From twenty to thirty is on the whole, the time when the nets of living will enmesh you. You may try to steer clear of them; that is the greatest testimony that they exist. Even if you resolutely avoid matrimony, or if some inherited wealth enables you to avoid a business or profession, that later independence will be quite different, less spontaneous, less genuinely lyrical as your brooding years of adolescence. The pressures of a family or of professional failure or absorption or success may indeed make the arts delightful momentary escapes for you. Music and poetry and fiction may be melodious escapes from life. But I suspect something healthier may have happened to you before you are thirty. You will come to disesteem a beauty born out of a tinkling concern with the exquisite. You may ask of the arts that they be the adult expression of the interests, complex and humane, of adult human beings. You will forgive even bad prose and bad drawing when they have something to say.

Something to say? I know it is one of the convictions, possibly only literary, of your generation that there is nothing to be said, save disillusion, nothing to be loved save pleasure, and that with disdain. As a result much of your poetry is a cross be-

tween a shrug and a heartbreak. Much of your prose is a sardonic contempt for your own ecstasies. That brings me to another difference between us, which is, I think, to be laid somehow to the quality of the last ten years rather than to the eternal difference that the ten years after adolescence are bound to make. You are wise—so many of your generation are—with a wisdom not your own, if I may so put it. You are wise with the disaffecting insight of the smart young writers whose smartness was turned to gall by the war and its postlude. You are the well-informed victims of a consciousness bred of a psychological science, young but dogmatic, that has arisen in the last two decades. I think how naïve we young men were ten years ago. When I hear you, with your bright-eyed nonchalance, quietly dragging masochism and sadism and œdipus complexes into discussions of religion, I am a little startled. We thirty-year-olds certainly do date. When I hear the convivial frankness with which you discuss contraception at parties, and homosexuality at teas, I feel like the rather blushing ghost of a dead world. I was, if you will permit me, one of the brighter boys at college, but there are a thousand things of which you know and, what is more, of which you speak, that in my day (my bones begin to creak again) we did not know, or if we did, well, they were a little more diffidently uttered.

I respect all your new information and your new frankness. But your hasty bits of information have led you into one serious error; your passionate desire to be frank, has led you—forgive me—to be foolish. For

the fact is, this new psycho-science about which you gabble so blithely is none too solid at best, and in your hands not a little questionable and thin. And it is not so much your error in detail as your error in direction that troubles me for you. These new terms and shady insights of yours are used not so much to explain as to explain away things. A mother complex is, for you, enough to destroy all reverence about the beautiful legend of the Virgin. When you murmur in your fresh young voice about the Father Image, you think you have said all there is to be said about God. When you babble about infantile fixations, you are certain you have done with the subject of love, though you know well enough that next week you will be quoting Shelley or Keats on the subject to some young thing who is probably more interested in you than either the poets or the psychoanalysts.

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Don't be alarmed. I am not going to end by calling you back to God and to Love and to Faith. I have thought about these things enough to suspect that those words are veiled with a thousand images, of tradition and prejudice, which make them as suspicious to you as to me. I am not old enough or insolent enough yet to attempt to offer you any final and oracular wisdom. I can offer you a first-hand report from the bend in the road, as it were, which you have not yet passed. Thirty has lost its raptures and its disillusiones, but not necessarily its spirit. It is, I suspect, the age at which one has begun to grow up. You will see that, I hope, when you get there, with your, no doubt, still interested eyes.

THE HEARTLESS IMP

But She Kept Her Wits About Her When the Kidnappers Came

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

"THAT'S what I call her," said Miss Prentice dryly, "even if she is my own sister's child—and Jerry Hartless knows it too. I. M. P. Hartless, she used to sign it—Imp."

"Imp?" Mr. Mygatt repeated, choking over his muffin and slopping a spoonful of tea upon his fawn-colored spats. "Imp? You don't mean it!"

"Oh, yes, I do," Miss Prentice answered firmly, "it was when she was fourteen. After my poor sister's death she came to spend her summers with me, and when I asked her why she did such a ridiculous thing, she said that her father signed his letters 'J. A. M. Hartless' to save writing Jeremiah, and because he loathed his name; and so she did the same—to save time, and because she didn't like Irene."

"I think Irene's a very pretty name," said Mr. Mygatt pacifically.

"Oh, *we!*" Miss Prentice said coldly. "What difference does it make what we think, Henderson?"

"Not much, I suppose," he agreed.

"No. Michael—you remember our old gardener?—used to call her 'that Hartless imp,' and I'm afraid I took it from him. As a matter of fact, I really think she's about as heartless

as any one so good-natured and obliging can be."

"Oh!" said Mr. Mygatt, drinking his tea with a certain relief in his voice. "I'm glad to hear that, Sally, because she struck me as just that—good-natured and obliging. And a pretty child, too. A little brusque, perhaps, but sincere, I thought, and—"

"Oh, she's sincere enough," Miss Prentice agreed, "but she's hardly a child, Henderson. She'll be twenty-one, her next birthday. After all—"

"After all, that's not very aged," he reminded her, and sighed. "Her mother—I think she looks like poor Kate, a little, Sally—her mother—"

"Her mother was married at her age," Miss Prentice interrupted, "and though Kate was always a tomboy, it was different. No sensible person minds that—it's healthy."

"Of course it is," he assented heartily, "and I don't know that I'm entirely in favor of early marriages, Sally. Not entirely. Of course, if they turn out well, it's a very beautiful thing, but—"

"Perhaps you agree with Irene," she broke in with a satirical smile, "she informed her father last week that she might consider marrying Peter Sayles for seven or eight years, because just now they got along very

well, and as a 'juvenile lead' he was a grade A hero; but that if she lived to be twenty-eight or thirty, which she rather hoped she wouldn't do, she would undoubtedly prefer a different type, as she would be an entirely different person, then, and she thought it would be more reasonable to have a new deal!"

Mr. Mygatt made a wry face and laid down his cup.

"That's rather silly," he said briefly, "but I shouldn't be inclined to take it too seriously, if I were you. Is the young man all right?"

Miss Prentice shrugged slightly.

"He's like all the others," she said, "perhaps a little better than the average, on the whole. I don't know what they really want, any of them. Here he comes, now."

Peter Sayles swung along the terrace, kicking at the October leaves like an urchin of ten, though he was a personable young gentleman of twenty-five.

"Seen Imp, any of you?" he called, pushing through the French window, half open to the mild autumn air. "I've got a date in the village and I thought I'd give her a real treat and take her along!"

"If you'll take me to the barber's, Pete, I'm yours," a sleepy voice answered from a dim corner in the big hall behind the tea drinkers. They jumped and stared as Miss Hartless rolled out from the cushions of a long divan beside the smoldering fire and stretching and yawning as unaffectedly as a kitten, strolled to the tea table.

"Hello, Aunt Sally, hello, Mr. Mygatt!" she sighed. "Gosh, but I was certainly dead to the world! I ate too much lunch—how long's that

tea been standing, Aunt Sally? If that isn't cinnamon toast, I shall cry like a child!"

She was an olive brown Imp, with sleek, short hair like an Indian's, a wide, boyish mouth and a rather childish nose that made her age hard to guess. This nose and her scant skirts, ending only a little below her knees, confused Mr. Mygatt whenever he looked at her and heard her perfectly adult voice—the rather deep and faintly husky voice of her mother, who had been the only woman he had ever wanted to marry.

"There's just one piece, and it is cinnamon and it's my first pick, as I came first, and haven't wasted the day in sleep," said Peter Sayles briskly, seizing the solitary dainty and balancing it deftly on his saucer, before presenting his cup to Miss Prentice.

Mr. Mygatt gasped, but neither his hostess nor Irene appeared surprised. Miss Prentice filled his cup and her niece confined herself to a brief, "Just like your big, generous heart, Pete!"

She helped herself to two little cakes at once and held out the third and last to a slender five or six year old boy who hurried eagerly into the hall just then, very fresh and dainty in a blue and white sailor-suit.

"That's for you, Bubbles," she said, "so that Pete shan't get any! Eat it quick, old scout, or he'll snitch it."

"This is Jerry's little grand-nephew," Miss Prentice explained. "I'm sorry you can't stay long enough to meet his mother, Henderson, but we're a little uncertain as to just when to expect her—"

"She never comes home from the

Game till late," piped up the little boy, "there isn't no use to expect her. Can I go in the car with Pete an' Imp, mamselle?"

"Surelee, my darling," a voice replied from behind them and Mygatt turned mechanically, staring a little at the slim figure bent over a tall flowering plant in the shadow.

He stared because he had thought for a moment that it was Irene who stood there, snipping off the dead leaves in a housewifely manner. Her gray, silken legs, her gray suede slippers, her trim gray sport suit of some shining jersey material, were almost the replica of the Imp's, except that as his puzzled eyes shifted unconsciously from one to the other, he observed that the French girl's costume was of a slightly darker shade. But her saucy, boyish head was trimmed into the same modish cut and her brilliantly red lips shone out against the same olive pallor. Only, as she came forward to them, it was clear that she was seven or eight years older than the young girl, who ate her little cakes interestedly and came to the table for more tea without noticing her beyond a bluff, "Lo, mamselle!"

"Eef Bubbles go wiz you, I may leave him and do some little sings for Madame Hartless, perhaps, made-moiselle?" she inquired politely and Irene nodded carelessly.

"Sure thing," she said, "go right to it! I'll look after him. How about that barber, Pete?"

"That's just where I'm going myself," the young man replied. "For heaven's sake, how often do you go, anyway? That dago's too good looking—that's what's the trouble!"

"Really, Peter!"

Miss Prentice frowned, but her niece grinned good-naturedly.

"We call him Rudolph," she said. "He marcls his hair, you know! Honestly, if I'd known beforehand what a job shingled hair was going to be, I'd have thought again, before I did it! It grows so fast it has to be clipped every other week, and you simply can't keep a wave in it. Come on, Bubbles, get your coat. My rear tire is pretty punk, Pete—I'll match you for who changes it, if she goes flat. None of this guest business, you know!"

"See here, you do it on purpose, Reno—can't you take your cousin's car?" Peter grumbled. "That's twice you've played it on me! You're the limit!"

"She won't let me," Irene answered calmly, "I burned a hole in the seat, last time. You're too lazy to live, Pete! Do you good. And I want Rudolph myself, mind—you can have the fat one."

They went out, wrangling, with a just remembered, "Good-by, Mr. Mygatt," from the girl, and an informal, "See you later, I hope," from Peter, and the two elders confronted each other over the empty plates.

"Are they really going to the village barber shop—together?" Mygatt asked doubtfully, and Miss Prentice repeated her fatalistic little shrug.

"Only they don't think anything of it, you know," she added honestly. "It's not as if you and I went, Henderson!"

"You and I—my lord!" he gasped and shook his head.

"I know . . . I can't get used to it," she went on, "it seems too . . . too horrid and . . . and *common*,

you know—any one can go there—but there's no other place she says, and she insists that women can't trim hair."

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Mr. Mygatt lit a cigarette and watched the beginnings of what would be a fine sunset faintly tinting the Westchester hills. A great sweep of open country stretched away from the long windows; the big Georgian house was admirably placed.

"This seems a fine property: young Hartless must be doing pretty well," he observed.

"Oh, yes. They're really rich. George was always Jerry's favorite nephew, and he's very proud of his success—he gave him his start. He's much richer than his uncle today. But it's not a comfortable house to be in, Henderson, and I can't feel at home here, though Anne is very kind, and begs me to stay. I wish I could get Irene to go back with me . . . I wish her father realized that this was really not the place for her."

"You mean they're too rich? That she'll get spoiled?"

"Oh, it's not that, exactly; though I do think it's bad for these young things to get so used to such extravagance and luxury, of course. But it's so disorganized, Henderson! Anne's away more than she's here, though she doesn't realize it, and the whole place is run by the servants, and they're constantly changing. There really isn't any head to anything. I've never seen the same governess here, twice—and I've never liked any of them," she added in a lower voice.

"No? She seems on the job, this one, I thought."

"I think she's too much so,"

Miss Prentice answered coldly, "I don't think she really cares for Bubbles, at all. She's not a sincere person, I'm sure. That poor little fellow—he's really pathetic, Henderson, though of course he has everything in the world. George and Anne are dashing through this house till I get almost dizzy—it's just like a railroad station!"

"It's a pretty comfortable railroad station," he said, laughing shortly, "though I see what you mean, Sally—it's not like the old place you girls grew up in. I'm glad Irene is so kind to the little fellow—she seems fond of children, anyway."

"Oh, yes, she's fond of him—in her way," Miss Prentice answered slowly. "She plays with him, just like another child, when she feels like it, and forgets him, when she doesn't."

"Well, well," he suggested tolerantly, "wait till she has two or three of her own, Sally—that's the answer. There's no use looking for old heads on young shoulders, you know."

"But that's just what I think they have!" she cried. "Old heads on young shoulders! That's the trouble! You can't tell them anything—"

"You never could!" he interrupted. "Come, come, you're forgetting how we felt, ourselves, Sally Prentice! I used to think your father was a pompous old donkey, if you want to know!"

"But you never said so!" she flashed back.

"Well, no, naturally—"

"Ah," she said, "I should hope so!"

Mr. Mygatt smiled and finished his tea. Miss Prentice turned sharply as the French girl entered and stood

quietly beside her, her dark, cropped head bent with an air of almost exaggerated respect.

"Well, mamselle?" she said briefly.

"It is Madame Hartless . . . if Mees Prentice would kindly speak? I am so bad wiz zee *téléphone*," she explained.

Miss Prentice hurried away and the governess, with a slight, smiling bend, moved to follow her, but Mygatt spoke.

"And how do you like America, mademoiselle?" he asked in easy French. "I have just come from Paris, myself. Is that your home?"

"Ah!" she cried, and her dark face lighted, "truly, monsieur? No, I was born in Tours. I like it very much—though I do not always understand—but Americans are all so kind!"

"You like children, anyway, I see!"

"Oh, I love zem! And my little Bubbles—an angel, monsieur! *Tiens!* I hear him, now! Monsieur will excuse me?"

She ran out quickly, with a smooth, athletic haste that impressed him.

"I wonder why Sally dislikes that girl so?" he mused. "She always did take things hard, poor Sally!"

Miss Prentice, returning, did not appear, indeed, to have learned to take things more easily: her capable, frankly unpowdered forehead was drawn into a frown.

"Really," she burst out. "Anne is too amazing!"

"Not coming to-night, eh? I'm sorry not to meet her—"

"Oh, it's not that—we never expect her, as far as that goes. No, they're staying over, for a football dance. But she's left her pearls, and

she isn't sure where! And I'm to find them and put them in the safe—it makes me nervous, Henderson, such carelessness! And they want the Packard sent in to town, because George is going to use his car, and she forgets that the chauffeur is leaving to-morrow, and the new one hasn't come. If he goes, there won't be a man here but the butler and he has such a nasty, grippish cold, he isn't fit to be up. Must you go to-night, Henderson?"

Mygatt patted her shoulder lightly.

"There, there, Sally, worrying again!" he said. "Of course I'll stay, if you really want me to; but I think you take it all too much to heart, my dear girl. Go and find your pearls and get that much off your mind—or, here they are now, I imagine!"

The governess hurried toward them, an open leather case in her hand.

"Mees! Mees Prentice! Will you be so kind as to take zis?" she said breathlessly. "I find it in madame's box of lace, when I go to mend . . . if you will put it in madame's safe—now, at once?"

"Thank goodness," Miss Sally murmured, "I'm very glad, mamselle—will you tell me when Miss Irene comes in. She knows how to open the safe—I don't."

"Surelee. But—*pardon*, Mees Prentice—will not Mees Prentice put zem on, meantime? It is wiser. Is it not so, monsieur? It is more kind to—to ozzier people!"

"Quite right, mademoiselle!" Mygatt agreed heartily. "Put them on, Sally."

Miss Prentice scowled, but allowed the French girl to clasp the

milky balls around her neck, pushing the chain well under her blouse.

"Eet is quite tight," the girl assured her. "Mees Prentice can pull, if she wish—eet will not part! *Merçi, madame.*"

"That's a nice girl, Sally—nice French, too," he said. "I thought it was Irene coming back—don't you think she looks like her?"

"Not at all," said Miss Prentice briefly. "It's the hair and the dress, that's all. Very poor taste, I think. I shouldn't wear *my* gray dress, in Irene's place, but she doesn't seem to mind at all. In fact, she laughs at it. I don't see who is going to take the other car to town, to-morrow—"

"Why not let young Sayles drive in? Then he could take me—"

"What!"

Irene's husky, boyish voice startled them. She strolled in, more than ever like the governess, in the dimming light, striking a match for her cigarette.

"You'd better make your will, Mr. Mygatt, that's all I can say! Pete's wrecked two cars, since he came. I wouldn't trust him with a wheeled chair, myself. It isn't even funny, the way he drives. Did you know Burns was leaving to-night, Aunt Sally? He's got a chance to make twenty-five dollars driving a party to town, and he says he'll get his pay from George to-morrow. I told him it would be all right—nobody's going out."

"But, Irene, I don't like . . . I'm not sure—"

"Gosh, Aunt Sally, let him go! You couldn't stop him, anyhow, and he's been celebrating in the village—mamselle knows, she saw him—he's just ready for a row. She advised

me to let him go. The new man's coming to-morrow, anyway, you know. What's the difference?"

"But I think I'd better call George—"

"You can't. How'll you get him? And anyway, mamselle's on the wire—long distance. She's been waiting half an hour for her call. Don't fuss, Aunt Sally, for gosh sakes!"

Miss Prentice bustled out and Irene sank into a deep chair by the fire. Mygatt studied her face; it was impossible to read her.

"You're back very soon," he began. "Did you get to your—er—barber's?"

"Whole thing was a washout," she replied briefly. "Nothing doing."

"Ah. Then you had your trip for nothing—"

"And then some!" Miss Hartless remarked sulkily. "We had a row on top of that. Pete certainly has the worst temper of any man I know. It's row, row, row from morning to night, really—we might as well be married and done with it!"

"You—you don't seem to think very highly of matrimony, Miss Irene," he said, trying to decide just how much of her irritation was a pose. She glanced at him with a quick, questioning lift of her long lashes, then looked aside.

"Do you?" she asked.

"Well," he parried, "it doesn't look that way, I admit—"

"That's what I thought."

"But it isn't because I looked forward to quarreling with my wife all the time," he explained seriously.

"Oh, well, if it isn't one thing, it's another," she said heavily, dropping into a deep chair. She lit a

cigarette and staring ahead of her, appeared to forget that he was in the room.

Was it the naïve carelessness of a child or the occasional rudeness of a woman? He could not tell.

"At any rate, your little cousin had his ride," he said smoothly. "*That* was something."

"Oh, Bubbles. Darn that kid; I wish we'd left him home!" she burst out. "That was what we had the row over. But perhaps it's just as well. Pete knows where he gets off, now. You know, Mr. Mygatt, men make me tired!"

"I suppose we *are* trying, sometimes," he said humbly. "I don't think young men understand children, though, as well as women do—surely it's natural?"

"Then what do they want to have 'em for?" she snapped out.

"*Have* them? You mean, er—do they?"

Mr. Mygatt gasped but turned it into a cough and nervously lit a cigarette for himself.

"That's Pete's latest," she answered briefly.

"Personally, I should prefer to go in for that later—if I did at all. I think we're too young for it. And as I'm the one that would have to have them, I should say it was up to me to decide—wouldn't you?"

"I—I never—I don't remember that I ever—"

Mr. Mygatt's cigarette required re-lighting.

"No, I don't suppose you would have," she said carelessly. "They sort of side-stepped all that, in your time, didn't they?"

"We-ell," Mr. Mygatt answered thoughtfully, "I think they felt—in

my time—that such matters could be dealt with more—advantageously—perhaps, later."

"Later, yes," she repeated scornfully. "You put everything off till 'later,' didn't you?"

"We did, certainly," he agreed.

"Well," she observed tolerantly, "and that was all right, too—if you liked it! Personally, I don't think much of it. And as I said to Pete, if I ever had a child, I certainly wouldn't want it brought up like Bubbles!"

"Ah!" he cried eagerly, "that's different! I agree with you entirely, my dear. But you needn't, need you? Feeling as you do—"

"Just a minute!" she interrupted. "Feeling as I do, I say, cut it out for a while. Kids are all right, but they're a lot of trouble, if you're going to bring them up right, and if you don't want the trouble of bringing 'em up right—why, don't have 'em at all! It's fairer to them and fairer to you."

Mr. Mygatt blinked.

"Look at George Hartless," she continued, "he's fond of Bubbles, all right, but what does he do? Spoils him one minute and rows him the next! And if he and Anne want to be all over the place all the time, I say they'd better have waited till they got tired of it and *then* had a baby!"

"Oh!" said Mr. Mygatt.

"Of course," she added thoughtfully, "if a girl waits till she's twenty-five or thirty, that's different, isn't it?"

"It might be," he admitted conservatively.

"And Pete wouldn't be making much of anything for a long time—three or four years, maybe. They

don't, you know. And I'd be sorry for the kid *I* was nurse girl to!"

"But don't you think you'd find that would change?"

"Why?" she asked coldly, looking straight at him. "George Hartless didn't change!"

"But your cousin's a man—"

"But he *is* my cousin," she persisted. "Why wouldn't I be like him? That's what you go by, isn't it? I want a good time while I'm young, Mr. Mygatt—why not say so?"

If Mygatt had any answer, he never made it, for the elder Miss Prentice hurried in on this and caught at her niece.

"*Would* you try to find Bubbles, Irene?" she begged, "I can't place mademoiselle anywhere, and it's very annoying, because somebody wants her on a long-distance call. It's a French person speaking English, and you know how hard that is. Something about a chauffeur. And Bubbles has got it into his head that he's going to town with *this* chauffeur," she added to her guest, "and when I told him he couldn't, he ran off. He's very obstinate, Bubbles is, and you never know what he'll do, if you cross him. Of course Burns wouldn't take him, but—"

"Burns is pretty well stewed," drawled the Imp. "Except that he never scratched the car yet, I'd feel sorry for the man that's hired him! But I'll bet he gets pinched for speeding, all right. Where did this Bubbles thing go?"

"That's what I don't know," Miss Prentice moaned. "Did you know that Peter was leaving? He's gone up to pack. He's going to ask Burns to take him to the station. I didn't know he had to go."

"Perhaps he didn't, either," the Imp remarked dryly. "I suppose we can bear it, though, can't we? I certainly can. Tell him good-by for me, Aunt Sally, in case I don't see him. I'll sleuth around to the garage for the angel child. It's a good job *some* of us aren't married, isn't it?"

"But, Irene, wait a moment—you can't go off and not see Peter like that—perhaps mademoiselle—"

"Oh, can't I? Watch me try!" said the Imp. She paused at the door.

"Perhaps if he runs over mamselle and tries one of those forward passes he staged once before, when he nearly threw her, and called out, 'good-by, sweetie—be good!' he may get what he got then!"

"Why, Irene! What *do* you mean?"

"He thought it was me," she said with a giggle. "Mamselle thought he was fresh and froze him to a block of ice! I hope he does it again!"

"Now, there!" Miss Prentice cried. "That's just what I mean when I say that you ought not to wear that dress, Irene! Why, when I was hunting for mademoiselle upstairs, the seamstress said she was in Anne's room and Minnie said, not at all, it was you. It's really confusing. I do wish you'd—"

"It confused Pete, all right!" crowed the Imp, and left them. Her aunt sighed and began to arrange the scattered tea-cups.

~

Mr. Mygatt contemplated the growing dusk in a thoughtful silence. Across the carefully landscaped grounds, at the bend of the shrubbery that masked the garage, he perceived a slim figure in a gray frock at

the side of a little boy: was it the French girl or was it the Imp? He could not tell.

It was, as a matter of fact, Irene, but it must be said that her young charge was not as pleased with his usually welcome guardian as he had expected to be. She would not go into the garage, but she would not, on the other hand, go far from it, it appeared, and Bubbles found little interest in this dawdling about with no objective.

"Why can't I go just to the station with Pete, then?" he whined. "Why can't we go, both of us? Why can't we, Imp?"

"Because it's silly," she answered shortly. "How'd we get back? Don't tease so, Bubbles."

"But you could drive back!"

"I could not. Burns is going to take the big car to New York. There won't be any car here to drive, then."

"I want to see Burns!"

"You can't see Burns. He's very busy."

Bubbles scowled and dug up the gravel; the Imp scowled and plucked at the yellow leaves. The dusk was upon them now and a cool, damp wind made her shiver; she had neither hat nor coat and the boy was even more thinly dressed than she.

"Come on, we'll catch cold," she said. "I'll race you in, Bubby—come on, now!"

"Don't want to—I want to tell good-by to Burns," he whined.

"Oh, very well, go and tell him," she answered, "and see here, Bubbles, tell him he'd better hurry, will you? Tell him everything's all ready for him—he'd better hurry and get the bag."

"What bag?"

"Oh, for gosh sakes! He knows. Pete's bag, of course! Tell him it's all ready. Snap into it, now!"

Bubbles hurried into the garage, where a dim light was already burning, and was back at her side before she had passed it, his big gray eyes wide with excitement.

"Burns isn't going!" he cried eagerly. "He's asleep on the floor! It's the new one that's going. He's a French one. He can't talk but a little—like mamselle. But he's got the bag. It's in the car. He said all right, tell mamselle I am ready when she is. *Are* you going, Imp? Can't I? Please!"

"What rot," she said. "Why will you make up those stories, Bubbles? The new one hasn't come yet. How can the bag be in the car? You come straight in here with me."

Seizing him firmly by the hand, she strode into the garage. A tall fellow in livery, with his cap pushed half over his eyes, stood by the car. As she moved nearer, trying to see him more clearly in the vague light, he stamped his feet nervously.

"*Vite, vite!*" he said. "*Entrez, mademoiselle, entrez donc!*"

The Imp stared harder, but not at him. Greater than her surprise at this greeting was her wonder at the car whose open door she was touching. For it was not the Packard, it was not any car she had ever seen in the garage before. Surely that was one of those Italian—and then she thought no more, for a horrid minute, for some one moved behind her, and something tight and soft that smelled of tobacco was bound around her mouth and her struggling hands were tied in a second behind her back.

"Easy with the kid, now—careful! All right, mamselle—in we go!" a man's voice muttered in her ear, and furious and dumb, she watched the two men lifting what must be Bubbles, kicking and scuffling in a shapeless sack, into the car. She tried to brace herself against the mud-guard, but even as they lifted her between them and pushed her after the squirming, panting bundle, she could hear them laughing softly and realized that though they were strong, they were not at all rough.

"*Doucement, petite, doucement!*" the Frenchman urged good-naturedly, as she struggled fiercely, and as a sharp kick from her little Cuban heel caught the other man square on the chin, who swore angrily and crushed her against the writhing child.

"Aw, quit it, can't you?" he growled. "What's the idea, anyhow? You've registered, kid—the boy can't see! Let it go at that!"

"*Psst! Vite, vite!*" the Frenchman whispered and suddenly the door slammed, the starter buzzed, and the car slid backward out of the garage, turned sharply and glided toward the service entrance.

Had it been Miss Prentice that lay tumbled on that broad, cushioned seat, she would undoubtedly have been unconscious, but her niece was not only in full possession of her faculties but distinctly (as she would have put it) "thrilled." After the first moment of sickening physical terror, she had quickly recuperated her forces of mind and body and even ceased to carry on the struggles which she perceived to be useless and only fatiguing in the end. Too

many thousand feet of moving-picture film had unrolled before her practical eyes to make her present experience seem wildly abnormal: such things undoubtedly occurred. She had often observed these phenomena from her darkened seat—now she was a part of them! Remained, to discover the reason for them. Was she being swept away as those famous heroines were so regularly—so almost necessarily—swept away, the victim of her own fatal charms? Nonsense. After one palpitating second of doubt her cynical common sense assured her that this was not reasonable. Why take Bubbles, in that case, anyway? He could have been locked safely in the garage. Was it for ransom, then? Again, nonsense. She was not rich enough—not rich, on the scale of to-day, at all.

But, wait a moment: Bubbles was rich enough, maybe. George Hartless and his income tax were sufficiently well known, and Bubbles was his only child. It was possible . . . it was more than possible. And was she included, either because they couldn't get him alone or because they wanted somebody to be with him? Surely, this wasn't usual . . . she thought hard and swiftly, as the car went smoothly along. Her arms, beyond a growing stiffness, were not as yet actually painful, but the gagging bandage was beginning to cut into her cheeks—and what was happening to poor little Bubbles? Surely he couldn't be smothered . . . he lay quite still. Would a child die, shut up in a sack like that? How cruel—how dreadful! Nonsense, why should they kill him? A new terror caught her and her heart pounded

hard; she slipped down to the floor of the car and snuggling against his legs, pushed her head along his body, trying to touch her face to his, to make him understand that he was not alone, to reassure him a little . . . to see if he was breathing! Could he have died of fright? Did children faint? The Imp had never fainted in her life.

As her questing head touched the child's, he began to wriggle again, weakly; she could hear his breath drawn sharply through his nostrils. A great wave of relief swept over her, and she strained against the wickedly adjusted, choking roll of musty cloth, but only muffled grunts escaped her.

"*Darn it!*" she thought furiously, "I will talk to him!" And at just that moment the car slowed down gently, then came to a stop. It was quite dark now, and she had not the remotest idea of their whereabouts beyond the fact that they had left the State road: the uneven surface had jarred and bumped them for five minutes at least.

The door opened swiftly and the Frenchman's voice was in her ears.

"*Enfin, mademoiselle ça y est—descendez!*"

The Imp's French was of the ordinary boarding-school variety, but she understood the words. What she did not understand was his tone: nothing more cheerful and friendly, more easy-going and good-natured could have been addressed by one old friend to another! Confused, resentful and suspicious, she pressed closer to the little body beside her—did they think she would leave Bubbles in that car? Nothing doing!

"*Descendez! Descendez donc, pe-*

tite!" he repeated, leaning into the car and fumbling for her hands. A flood of rapid French was whispered at her, but she huddled against the child and stiffened her body, twisting away from his hands, which were entirely gentle, picking at the knot at her wrists, easily mastering her struggles. The moment her hands were freed, she threw her arms about the child and clung to him: at any rate, *that* part was over!

"*Quelle blague! Petite sottise . . . fini, fini!*" he whispered shrilly. "*Descendez!*"

This time he laughed, low, but distinctly, and the American looked over his shoulder, a round, dark head against the evening dusk.

"Aw, come on, mamselle, cut out the Norma Talmadge stuff and let's be on our way!" he growled in a husky whisper of his own, though the utter silence and evident loneliness of the road made such caution quite unnecessary. "Here, I'll take the kid. An' none o' them fancy kicks, s'lvooplay—you get me?"

Before she realized how it had happened, she was standing in the road with Bubbles at her side, the horrid folds were twitched from her mouth and the Frenchman, with a smooth, swift gesture, had plucked the great sack from the child's body and the gag from his jaw. The boy, his hand tight in hers, stood perfectly still beside her, breathing deep through his open mouth; he was clearly too terrified and dazed to utter a sound, but his fingers twined through hers in a grip as strong as her own.

They stood on a narrow country road in front of a tumble-down little farm-house; beside themselves, the

car and this dark, lonely shack there was nothing and nobody in sight. It was very still.

"I get you, all right," she said angrily, all other sensations swallowed in the sudden ache in her throat as she spoke, and the throbbing of her bruised wrist, "but what do you mean by this? What's the matter with you? I haven't a cent. You'd better look out, both of you!"

"Huh?"

The American had grunted aloud: his sudden sharp breath sounded through the stillness as his lungs filled.

The Frenchman uttered a strange, squeaking cry and moved both his hands suddenly: in the fraction of a second his cap was drawn to his nose and a short, thick revolver was leveled at her. The other man, almost as swift, was pointing its mate at Bubbles.

"Do not sound!" said the Frenchman in a low voice. "For then I shoot you. I shoot very good. Go again in the car, if you please. *Vite!*"

The Imp did not know that she spoke; she did not mean to speak: her legs, simply, obeyed that pistol. But it is a fact that she murmured, "Come on, Bubbles—it's all right. Keep still. Come on!" and climbed into the car, hand in hand with the silent child.

The door was shut, quickly and softly, and the two men, standing near the engine, burst into a violent, if muttered discussion, the rapid, hissing singsong of the foreigner confused with the continual angry growling of the American; they talked, both at once, and so excitedly that only a general effect of

remonstrance and quarrelsome haste reached the two in the car. The Imp, after a moment's straining attention, realized that any attempt to overhear them was useless, and devoted herself to eager, whispered encouragement. Bubbles mustn't be frightened, no one would hurt him, the men were very naughty, but if they kept still, they would come out all right, and anyway, she, the Imp, was there. Was he all right? Would he keep quiet and not cry? Did he understand?

Yes, he whispered shakily, he would keep quiet, he really would. Yes, he was all right. His face hurt, but not much. What did the new chauffeur want? Whose car was this? What did the men want to shoot them for?

"They don't," the Imp assured him promptly, "only if you make a noise! So don't."

"All right. You ought to tell some policemen. Here's your bag, Imp," he whispered and thrust out her little hand-bag, which she slipped over her wrist mechanically.

Now the handle of the car door turned gently and the Frenchman appeared in the opening. Between the brim of his cap and the turned-up collar of his chauffeur's overcoat only his long nose and sweeping dark mustache were visible.

"You will please not to be afraid," he said carefully, "no one 'urt you, mees. Zee bos' of you is all right. No one 'urt ze little boy. Eet is meestake—*vous comprenez?*"

"Then take us back—this minute!" Her breath caught embarrassingly, but her tone was dictatorial. "I told you we had no money!"

"Non, non, mademoiselle, no one

take your money," he answered soothingly, "no one take nossing at all! We cannot take you back—*je le regrette infiniment*. Zere is no time for it. You will please come to zis 'ouse—and very still. You keep always zis little boy. No one 'urt your naice little boy. You will please 'urry."

"I shan't get out of this car!"

"*Vite!*" he said sharply and she looked again into the nasty little revolver. "*Vite, mademoiselle!*"

And once more her legs carried her, quite automatically, up the three stone steps of the bank, along a little path and into a chilly, almost empty kitchen, Bubbles glued to her side.

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The door closed behind them and now, for the first time, the Imp trembled. She felt the muscles of her thighs shaking violently and it was a most unpleasant sensation. She threw a rapid glance around the room. Except for an old woven-wire bed-spring with a heavy blanket thrown over it, a rickety kitchen chair, a wooden box stood on end to serve as a table for a small kerosene lamp with a smoky chimney, the place was empty and had evidently been abandoned for some time, for it was damp and cold, and the musty odors of disuse hung over it. Across its three windows heavy pieces of cloth had been pinned up. The Frenchman lit the little lamp with one hand, his pistol in the other, and then, facing the two, began to speak in the same shrill whisper.

"You will please to stay here, mees," he said, "*comme ça*, no one 'urt you. Eet is all r-right. Soon you will go—you see? You will go 'ome. Sure. I am sorry. My friend, he is

sorry. Zere is a *meestake*—you see? My friend, he stay here—outside. Eef one come out from zis 'ouse, my friend will shoot 'im. 'E shoot very good. *Un peu plus tard*—you spik Franch, mademoiselle?"

"No," she said.

"*Tant pis*—I spik bad Anglish, too! Eef I go two hours—eight o'clock, nine o'clock, maybe—I now stop. I call up a *téléphone*, you see? Not me, maybe, but some one I will tell. 'E will say, 'Zose people w'ot you want, you go to zat 'ouse—*voila!* No one 'urt, bos' of zem. All r-right.' W'en your frien's comes—you go. You see?"

"I see, all right," said the Imp coldly. "I can't have my aunt frightened to death about the little boy—will you surely call up?"

"Sure t'ing, mademoiselle," he answered, "sure, sure! *Au revoir, mademoiselle*, I am sorry you get scared."

He nodded to Bubbles.

"Don't cry—you go 'ome quick!" he said in a pleasant, natural voice, forgetting his whisper.

One hand on the door-knob, he turned again.

"You know w'at I say—my friend shoot very good?" he added. "'E is sorry—but—"

His broad shoulders rose in a helpless shrug.

"Oh, we'll stay," the Imp said sullenly.

He slipped out and a moment later they heard the buzz of the starter.

The Imp made an ugly little grimace—the face of a street urchin.

"Well—that's that!" she said, and opening the bag on her wrist, she drew out a gold-washed vanity-case, pressed the spring, abstracted a

powder-puff, rubbed it over the cake of powder and applied it thoughtfully to her nose and chin, peering carefully into the tiny mirror set in the cover. This done, she reached deeper into the bag, took out a small cigarette case, opened it hopefully, scowled at the lonely white cylinder it contained, lit it angrily, and inhaled deeply.

"Gee!" she muttered, "wouldn't you know it? That's Pete, every time!"

Pushing back the empty case, her fingers encountered the smooth texture of linen. The feeling was different, somehow, from her handkerchiefs, and as she drew the white fabric out instinctively, she felt herself clutching something rolled in it. Staring at it, perplexed, she unrolled it and there fell in her lap a chain of milky beads with a well-known diamond clasp — Anne's pearls!

"For gosh sakes!" she breathed and shot a swift glance at Bubbles. He was creeping from window to window, utterly absorbed in lifting alternate corners of the old shawls that darkened them and dropping them timorously. It was plain that he longed for courage to peep out, but lost it at each attempt.

The Imp crowded the white globes in her palm and scowled. Then *that* was it! How had they got into her bag? But why give the bag to her and run away? Wait a minute—they hadn't! Bubbles had thrust it at her and she had slipped it over her wrist half unconsciously. Then, did they think they had it, now? But . . . in that case . . . wouldn't they come back? And in that very moment she heard the purr of a motor:

her heart sank. To give Anne's pearls to those dirty thieves! Her jaw set, her eyes flashed helplessly around the bare room. . . .

"Gosh—not a chance!" she whispered.

An old iron sink, rusty and sagging, stood in one corner; in it a bottle of milk, half empty, an opened package of coffee and a torn carton of sugar stood beside a half loaf of bread. Below it, a small tin outfit of pannikins, plate and frame for supporting a metal container of solidified alcohol made a rough kitchen equipment. The Imp had seen this affair used at picnics. As she stared at this collection of unattractive objects, her lips tightened suddenly, and in two long, smooth steps she was at the sink, and with another quick glance at the child's unconscious back, she pushed the necklace down firmly into the package of sugar, crowding it well under the white granules.

"It's fifty-fifty they miss it!" she thought, remembering how in a wild hide-and-seek party she had dropped a key into a filled ash tray and saved the day for her team.

"Who's that coming, Imp?" Bubbles demanded. "Somebody for us, don't you think so?"

"Maybe. But don't be scared, Bubbly, whoever it is," she answered, and puffed at the cigarette, the bag still on her wrist.

~*~

The Frenchman was in the room while the hum of the car was still in the air.

"*Le sac!*" he cried sharply, "ze bag! Give it! W'at you sink, *made-moiselle*? *Prenez garde*, you! Ah!"

He snatched it from her wrist and held it, breathing hard.

"You needn't be so rough," she said coldly, "there's nothing in my bag, anyway. That case isn't gold—I told you I hadn't a cent."

He stared at her cigarette.

"Zat bag is yours?" he demanded.

"Certainly it's mine. Whose did you think it was? The boy gave it to me in the car."

He emptied it in one swift movement, opened the cigarette case, threw it on the floor with an exclamation, then advanced to her.

"I sink you say right, *mademoiselle*," he said quietly, but with a tone in his voice (he had dropped all attempt at disguising it) that made her heart hit hard at her side, "but I try a little, first. I am sorry, but I shall see. 'Old your 'ands, if you please!"

He threw his arms above his head and she raised her own instantly. Swift as snakes his fingers flew down her body, pressing every inch of the jersey dress: a far smaller thing than a pearl necklace would have been at the mercy of those supple, searching fingers; no intimate fold of her three-sheathed undergarments escaped him. She stood as motionless as a statue, hardly breathing.

"*Bon! Now—le garçon. Viens, mon petit!*"

His tone, though unmistakably final, was not unkind; and Bubbles, reassured by the brief ordeal of the Imp, raised his hands manfully; his blank ignorance of the reason for this was convincing in itself.

"What's he do that for, Imp?" he asked curiously, and the Imp, puffing out smoke drawled, "I don't know, I'm sure, my dear—money, perhaps."

"Money—bah!" cried the French-

man and twitched the blanket from the bed, lifted the cloths at the windows, tried the door that led from the kitchen. It was locked. There was literally not a concealing object in the room. He glanced into the water pail, and moved the supplies in the sink nervously.

"*Pardon*, mees, you will please excuse," he said in a low voice. "It is *meestake*—all *meestake*. I could not know. I sink your bag is some ozzier bag. You see? It is no good for me. Take it!"

He picked it up from the floor and handed it to her respectfully.

"And now you will stay and I shall soon call up at zoze *téléphone*, like I say," he added, "and my friend, he will not shoot—no?"

"Not on my account, he won't," drawled the Imp. "Hadn't you better be on your way?"

Under the shrouding cap, she felt the admiration in his eyes.

"*Quelles femmes les Americaines!*" he said simply. "*Mademoiselle, toutes mes compliments!* Mees, I—"

A low clear whistle interrupted him and a soft knock at the door.

"All right? Got everything?"

The Imp heard the hoarse question and the softer reply.

"Zat bag, eet is not ours, boy, you see? I sink she keep ours—"

"Keep it? The hell she kep' it—she give it to me, herself! But she gypped us! The little—"

"*Psst!*"

A quick trampling of feet and the buzz of the engine again. The Imp's cigarette was smoked through.

"Where'll we get our supper, Imp? It's cold in here," Bubbles complained fretfully, as the sound of the motor grew fainter in the distance.

"Oh, come on, be a sport!" said the Imp good-naturedly. "Here, I'll get you some bread and milk—what do you say? It's dark as pitch, Bubbles, and I give you my word I don't know the first thing about where we are. I'll take a chance there's nobody out there guarding us, all right, but we might lose ourselves getting home, you see. And they may come for us. Here, let's tear these shawls down—no, better not. Tramps might come by. Here, see how this funny frozen stuff works!"

She warmed the half bottle of milk in the pannikin, crumbled the loaf into it and fed him like a kitten. Then, as sleep overwhelmed him, she wrapped him and herself in the blanket, for they were both shivering, and they snuggled together on the sagging wire mattress.

"Some gang from New York," she thought drowsily. "I wonder how the woman got in . . . funny idea, to take my bag . . . maybe we ought to make a break for home . . . I don't know . . . wonder if he *will* telephone . . ." the Imp was asleep.

An hour, two hours, another half hour, passed, and still they slept profoundly; the lamp burned low and lower, and they pressed close to each other, in their dreams, to keep warm.

Suddenly the handle of the door moved, tightened, creaked, and the door flew open: a big khaki-coated fellow with a revolver stepped into the dim kitchen; a khaki-clad arm behind him flashed a great circle of light on the bed.

"Wait a sec'—hold the lady a minute, George!" said the first man softly, and strode to the bed, where

the Imp and Bubbles blinked and squirmed.

"All right—come along!" he added heartily, and Aunt Sally, Mr. Mygatt, Pete and a third uniform trooped into the room.

"Irene! Where have you been? What did you do? Oh, *are* you all right? Is Bubbles hurt?"

Mr. Mygatt deposited Miss Prentice in the only chair and Pete silently disentangled the bedfellows. His face was pale but his tone was jaunty, as he asked, "Well, what's the idea, Reno? You—you all right?"

"Sure, I'm all right," Miss Hartless replied composedly, "everybody's all right. Anne's pearls are in the sugar-box—did you catch anybody? They were swift little workers—I'll say that for them!"

"Anne's pearls, darling, *what* do you mean?" Miss Prentice gasped, fumbling at her coat. "I'm wearing Anne's pearls, dear—mademoiselle put them on me herself, before she left!"

"Before she left? Has mamselle gone? Gee, Pete, *it was mamselle!* It was mamselle herself! What do you know about that—they thought I was her! *Gosh!*"

Miss Prentice with trembling hands extended the pearls at their fullest length from her neck.

"I don't understand the clasp—but here they are," she said uncertainly. The Imp fell upon her, twisted the chain briskly from front to back and uttered a short laugh.

"Those are the Tecla's," she said briefly. "You mean to say you fell for those, Aunt Sally? They're in the sugar, I tell you!"

And then, as the others stared, Pete walked to the sink, inverted the

sugar carton quickly and caught the pearls by their diamond clasp as they fell gently out.

"Pretty work," he said appreciatively, "very pretty work, Reno! How'd you find 'em?"

"Find 'em—I *put* 'em there, you cuckoo!" she retorted. "What'd you let her get away for? You're a great bunch, all of you!"

"We were told there was nothing missing," one khaki uniform remarked impersonally, "I asked especially—"

"I am afraid," said Mr. Mygatt apologetically, "that I was rather remiss, there, myself. But really, I had no idea . . . I saw mademoiselle strolling by the garage, a few moments after you and Bubbles had gone out, my dear, and I went upstairs to get my hat and join you. When I came out she was running back very hastily, and seemed much upset. She asked me to help her find Bubbles and I went out to do so, but when I returned to the house, she was just leaving it, with two suitcases. She told me she was taking them to the express office for Mrs. Hartless, and had persuaded the butcher's boy to take her in his delivery car. I helped her in with them and he drove her off."

"Oh, well, why wouldn't you?" said Pete helpfully.

"After that, Reno," he went on, "we spent an hour or so hunting for you and Bubbles, so as not to scare your aunt, and then we put in a few minutes of first aid on Burns, who was knocked out in the garage, and then, just as we really *were* getting a bit scary, a fellow calls up the house and says he ran across a young lady and a little boy who seemed to be

lost, in a farm-house on the old road to the village, and he promised to call up. Said he was sorry he hadn't time to bring you home."

"Was he French?"

"Not a bit. Why? So then I got the idea we'd better have somebody along, and I called up these fellows and we hopped off. So it's all right, anyway. But why did they think you were mademoiselle? What did you come here for?"

"Come here!" the Imp repeated scornfully, "what do you mean, 'come here'? I was tied up and brought, you poor fish! And Bubbles in a sack. They were pretending to kidnap her, so she could get away, if they got pinched. Don't you see? And she figured that my bag would be safer than her own to take the pearls in. And while she was hunting for Bubbles or something, I walked into the garage, ahead of time, probably, and they took me instead. So naturally, they couldn't let me go."

"Gosh!" sighed Pete, "regular movie-stuff!"

"Regular movie-stuff," Miss Hartless agreed, "and then some! Could you dig me up a 'Lucky,' do you think, for a change?"

Aunt Sally rose and solemnly embraced her niece.

"Oh, Irene, how dreadful! How perfectly dreadful!" she cried shakily. "Come here, Bubbles, darling, and kiss poor Auntie! And please, officer, take that pearl necklace—"

"No! I want Imp! I want to go home! I want my old Impy!"

Bubbles burst into nervous tears and pushed Miss Prentice fretfully away. The Imp ran to him, held him on her lap, on the bed, and patted his twitching shoulder, cigarette in hand.

"There, there, buck up, old scout, it's all right," she murmured soothingly. "I'm here—Imp's right with you! Come on, now—here's Pete, too!"

For Pete Sayles stood over them, one arm thrown around them both, his hand on the girl's dark, cropped head.

"Surest thing you know, old son," he said. "I'm here! Don't you worry, now—it's all right. We're all set."

He leaned over the two in his arm, unconscious of the others; the Imp's

head fell back on his shoulder. Strange, Rembrandtesque shadows from the bull's-eye lantern wavered around them, an ageless trinity, enlaced beyond the power of any fugitive generation's undoing.

The eldest policeman winked gravely at Mr. Mygatt, who helped Miss Prentice to her feet.

"Pete's quite right, my dear Sally," he said, his eye still lingering on the entwined three. "Don't let's worry any more, any of us. Can't you see it's all right? Every thing's all right! Come home!"

BLUE JAY

LEONORA SPEYER

I hear a savage tale of you,
Raucous of voice, magnificently blue;
Cannibal bird! whose dark, defiant note
Is answered from another throat
As bright, though out of sight.

Along the icy bough you swing,
Apostrophizing a belated spring,
And I seem not to mind
Those horrid deeds to smaller of your kind;
For as you fly,
You scatter color through a frozen sky.

Black-hearted is your breast;
But ah, the blue of that uplifted crest!

THE INESCAPABLE GALILEAN

I—Jesus in Human History

WINIFRED KIRKLAND

I BELIEVE there is no one in the world to-day so alive as Jesus of Nazareth. As a thinking woman, my first impulse is hot resentment that the fashionable literature of the period coolly assumes that intelligence and observation and education are the unquestioned prerogatives of the agnostic, and superstition the distinguishing characteristic of the Christian. But my resentment at the imputation fades to uttermost humility when I realize who is responsible for this too prevalent opinion. If Christians had ever been brave enough to make Christ alive, nobody would now be saying that Christianity is dead.

Yet to any one who in spite of the murky bewilderment of this day, dares to surmise a dawn, those superficial observers of their own time who dismiss Christianity as obsolete, appear like the drowsy soldiers once set to watch a tomb. Pilate's guard was too complacent to guess that from this tomb there was even at that moment issuing a spirit destined to remake the decadent Roman world. Throughout history the spirit of Jesus has never been more alive than when people thought it buried. It is my conviction that Christian faith to-day is more thoughtfully intrepid, more logically, rather than

emotionally, adventurous, than ever before. But in what I am about to write I am not trying to defend my faith to any one, I am humbly trying to explain it to myself. I am not addressing any materialist to whom Jesus is a myth or a legend, and far less am I addressing any Christian to whom Jesus is a dogma or a ritual; I am writing of the Jesus that I see, for others who with me perceive a man too alive for any labels. I could not set out on a personal record if I felt it to be merely personal, but I believe myself to be speaking for many in this portentous decade, when I say that for me, Jesus of Galilee is the most living fact of the present, the burning, never-to-be-answered Enigma of every day. Always he is there, standing by my window in the barred light of each new morning, a young Jewish rabbi, vital as if he had drunk the sunrise, ironic as he gazes at my little life, or glances beyond the pane at the big world's petty self-importance. Unfailing irony of mind he possesses, this Jesus that I see, and that up-bubbling humor which has ever been in him the flowering expression of a transcendent sanity. At moments he flashes from genial raillery to wistful challenge, evoking some secret aspiration with a confidence in my

hesitant capacities that is beyond human understanding. His sympathy is instant, steadfast, fathomless. His aspect has each day something new, provocative, inviting me to fresh adventure of his mystery.

But I admit that I did not choose this Presence. Slowly, steadily, it has grown ever more real, more cogent, from childhood, through youth, through maturity, until to-day Jesus of Nazareth stands forth for me, literally, as the realest fact in the universe. To many a thoughtful man and woman there is something strangely new about this Christ of to-day, a Christ for us no longer reducible to the tenets of any creed or to the prescribed emotions of any liturgy. When we believers attempt to explain the marvel of an invisible personage moving beside us, or when we try to analyze our relation to this phenomenon, we may be observed to use often the same expressions, almost identical in form—yet they are not the terms of any familiar ritual, but our own words, alive and immediate. As passing instance of this striking but unconscious similarity of phrase, is this brief quotation from a book by Lord Charnwood. I came upon it a few days after writing the above paragraph:

"Moreover, if it be the result of these studies to bring us into a presence which to the normal mind is dear and awful and strangely near, the result is a fact of science, to be reported and reckoned with as such."

Of course this sense of the actuality of Jesus beside us is the result of imagination, but I fail to see how that fact in any way invalidates that actuality. The evidence of my ma-

terial eyes seems to me neither more nor less fallible than the evidence of my immaterial imagination. I cannot see any intrinsic logic in accepting the evidence of my eyes employed to see a physical person, and denying the evidence of my imagination employed to see a spiritual person. For myself I know no more stimulating use of the imagination than the visualizing of Jesus, because the effect is amazingly different from a like attempt to summon forth any other dead man from out the past. Suppose I try to fancy myself as having for companion at every hour some man of great religion, like Buddha, or of great humanity like Lincoln, or of great friendliness and charm, like Charles Lamb, what is the result? An almost instant feeling of constriction, of excessive impact, a realization of petty flaws in the character, a critical attitude of mind of which I am ashamed, but which I cannot escape. Then by contrast I imagine Jesus of Nazareth opening the door and giving me his hand. There is instant enfranchisement, a sense of self-expansion. Something incalculably liberating and enlarging there is in this Presence called Jesus. There is no irritation of impact when he enters the room, instead one feels walls and ceiling stretch and lift to fit the larger self he calls forth. The imagination cannot evoke from history any man or woman whose constant presence will not in the end either dwarf or irritate. In final test, the effort thus to resurrect the dead for hourly, present contact will weary one, and be abandoned as laborious and absurd. But the endeavor to make Jesus actual has the strikingly different effect that, for

any one adventurous enough to make a spiritual experiment, he becomes the most stimulating, the most creative comrade any man can have.

But I repeat that I did not choose this Presence in my life. In many ways existence would be easier without it. If it were not for that incessant, ironic comment in my ear it would be a simple matter to accept herd opinion, either religious or secular. Does that Presence make for quiet in the soul or disquiet? One thing only I know, Jesus is for me an inescapable and constant challenge. He is a comrade terrifying in demands. I doubt my strength to follow where he may lead. Unchosen and in sober literalness, Jesus of Galilee has become the beckoning adventure of all my thinking. My days jog to the usual commonplace. I am, like every one else, deep in other people's concerns, deep in my own, but always I listen and I speak and act to a strange undertone of question, What is God, and who is Jesus?

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There is to-day strange significance in the fact that many an unexpected person is writing a life of Jesus. I once thought of writing another such biography, but I perceived that the Jesus whom I see could never be thus confined. I do not know him well enough to write his life and never shall. I wonder whether the intelligentsia of to-day realize that in their own ranks are some who see Jesus in startling vividness, for it is Ezra Pound, in one of the great religious poems of English literature, who voices my thought that Jesus cannot be compressed into any written biography.

"They'll no' get him a' in a book, I think,

Though they write it cunningly.
No mouse o' the scrolls was the
Goodly Fere,
But aye loved the open sea."

It is unavoidable that in the very effort to describe the figure most familiar to me, a portrait of Jesus should become to some extent a portrait of the person who is speaking. But nothing is further from my aim than self-delineation. May no more of myself affect my words than is needed to vivify Jesus. Throughout the two thousand years of his history, the Galilean has submitted to only one method of portraiture, and to that method this discussion is humbly obedient. We do not so much as begin to apprehend Jesus until we recognize the import for each one of us of Jesus's unvarying principle of disclosure. The law of revelation that Jesus selects is not what we unthinkingly call supernatural. Supernatural is an evasive and a facile word. To term Jesus's manner of revelation supernatural is to evade the portentous responsibility of each one of us to reveal him. Throughout the twenty centuries of his existence Jesus has chosen to be known as a person solely by his effect on other persons. No one can know anything of that Presence at my side except as my hands imitate his, and my face mirrors his, and my thoughts and words express his. Inescapably every Christian becomes a biographer of Jesus, revealing the impress of a dynamic personality upon his own as authentically as Matthew and Luke, Mark and John reported what they saw and knew. Because of Jesus's

own chosen law of revelation, the reader of these words will necessarily view him from the angle of the writer's own individuality. But, may this humble discussion of to-day's Galilean share one characteristic with those four sublime biographies of old; may the personality of the author be forgotten in the portrait.

The religious journals of earlier times were written in cloistered quiet, and so could become leisurely and expansive, but even the concept of a cloistered quiet is alien to the spirit of our day. We countenance no Jesus who requires an aloofness from our fellows. Any one of us who would be even the humblest diarist of God must find solitude only within his own mind, must attain an ever-menaced peace of soul within himself, amid the rush and confusion and seethe of modern life. Yet perhaps these our personal glimpses of God to-day are the more vital for being constantly threatened, are the more valued for being fought for. Curious that Jesus should ever be conceived as needing any form of cloister. No life in history gives a more vivid impression of the suffocating pressure of crowds. It is strange that when Jesus had no time to eat, no time to sleep, he still wrenched for himself long hours for solitary prayer. Why? If I could ever find the answer to that question, it might shed some flicker of light on those two supreme mysteries, What is God, and who is Jesus?



Nothing is more difficult than to submit a living friend to any form of analysis and yet this is what I am now attempting to do for that living Man who stands at this moment

looking into my eyes as I write. This Presence has not always been for me vivid and compelling as now; whence then, and how, did it come to be so? Out of what material of history and scripture and observation has Jesus shaped himself to my sight? And second, by what method, have I been led to discover him, and how shall I perfect that method so that I may follow him ever more confidently down the blind, retreating future? When I have studied both the material and the method, what conclusions shall I formulate, what appraisement shall I make of the Galilean, as revealed to-day? Asking no one to agree with me, but rather with respect for any contrary opinion provided only it shall be honest in its logic and tolerant in its expression, what answer shall I make for myself to that supreme Enigma, Who is Jesus?

As I examine Jesus in history, this is what I see. Looking back two thousand years, I focus on that ancient world, rimming with a bright and narrow border the jagged oblong of the Mediterranean sea. It is a world which, like our own, functions with a deceptive efficiency. Roman roads run firm and broad. Roman soldiers clang indomitable across the bleeding provinces. Rome is too proud and too prosperous to know she is starving to death. In the blackness beyond that bright Mediterranean borderland, buried civilizations are rotting and unborn civilizations are shoving their upward way along seed paths. It is a world still mighty, but inwardly corrupt with dead illusions, for Plato and Pericles with their hopes are dead beyond any returning, Elijah and David are

dead, and everywhere the gods are dead, undone in their very temples by the cynical, gold-bought legions of Rome. As I look back on it, it always seems to me the weariest world that all history can show.

Upon this scene of mocking, hidden despair there abruptly flashes an enigmatic character. The historian sees him suddenly flaming on a dim little hillside in the most obscure corner of all the empire. Apparently he is merely a young Jewish carpenter uneducated and rustic but possessed of some strange dominance and personal charm. Almost unnoticed he lives some thirty years, a villager, an artisan; then in one moment he flings away his saw and plane, and goes forth at some mysterious call. He becomes an itinerant faith-healer and street-preacher. In both healing and preaching he seems to have possessed a headlong force that infuriated the hypocritical priestcraft of his day. After two or three years of plotting, the sycophant priests persuaded the Roman rulers to execute him as a radical and demagogue. Even the Roman governor admitted the injustice of the charges and the illegality of the trial, for this Jesus broke no law of his country and forbade his followers to do so. In fact one of the most puzzling things about him is his power of creative conservatism.

According to all historic precedent, the gallows should have been the end of the man, but it wasn't. He had had a motley following made up of the outcast and ignorant members of society, a riffraff following chiefly, affectionate but volatile and craven. All ran away at his arrest, and continued in concealment after his

death. Then a curious thing occurred. Within six weeks of his execution, these same cowardly disciples rushed out of hiding, and into the hostile streets of Jerusalem, and began to preach incredible things. But it was their own incredible transformation that made people listen to their announcements. From here and there all over the countryside his followers turned up announcing that they had seen their leader alive. They said an unseen Presence walked beside them, revealing the meaning of a teaching they had not understood in his lifetime, that the practice of this teaching would achieve the remaking of all life. They asserted that the only way for any one to live bravely was to imagine this dead master of theirs still alive and walking beside him, and that any man submitting his thoughts and actions to this invisible Person would himself be changed into a new incalculable personality. For this harmless philosophy the followers of Jesus were martyred by the hundreds, but in spite of all the efforts of church and state, there now trudged to and fro along the proud highways of Rome, in the humble guise of a Hebrew Carpenter, an invisible Conqueror not to be withstood.

This is the gist of the first chapter of Jesus in human history. But it does not belong only to the past. There has never been a chapter in the story of Jesus that could not be seen as contemporary. The facts that his disciples asserted in the first six weeks after his death, are the same facts his disciples are asserting to-day.

The second chapter in the history of Jesus is the story of his church, a

chapter not completed. When governor and priest discovered that Jesus was too great for them to kill, instead of killing they appropriated him. The chronicle of Jesus is the chronicle of successive burials. In the first centuries so-called Christian, there occurred a portentous entombment. Over the splendid young manhood of Jesus old Judaism poured all its ancient conceptions of sacrifice and propitiation until even to-day people sing and think of Jesus in the aspect of a blood-wet victim, rather than in the aspect of an indomitable Man. And all the power and pomp of the state closed over Jesus, and as head of a hierarchy inherited from dead emperors, the toil-stained Carpenter of Nazareth was set upon a towering altar and crowned potentate of Rome. And into the new religion came creeping the mystery cults of old Greece, which had preferred sensation to action, and they too sought to incorporate Jesus, the dynamic, into their soporific creeds. Out of this blending of a threefold past was wrought the church called Christ's. But the chronicle of Jesus is the chronicle of successive resurrections, and no one of them is so resplendent as his resurrection to-day, for as never before he has now put from him the grave-clothes of dogma and ritual and of sterile emotion, so that we of to-day are looking at him in his austere and simple manhood. To-day we perceive him so clear that we can see him stand gazing at that imaged victim, and protesting, "But I gave my blood that you might call the unknown Father." We can see him stand at the door of a cathedral, a humble workman with a kit of tools

across his shoulders, looking in at that crowned figure on the altar, and asking, "How have men so failed to see my kingliness that they should have made me a king?" To uplifted, kneeling ecstasy we can hear him say, "Beloved, see to it that you share with others the vitality of your body and your blood even as I have shared with you mine."

To-day Jesus is risen and he is speaking to his church, but not solely in reproach, for Jesus is just. Far more just than many of us who to-day stand outside and judge church and churches, and fail to see that but for them we should never have heard of Jesus. Although, human and fearful of his requirements, the church called Christian has repeatedly buried Jesus, still it is the church that has preserved and transmitted him. Fraught with long authority out of old Judea and old Rome and old Greece, the church has been the custodian throughout history of the secret ark of Jehovah. But to-day in a parting of the ways there stands before the church of God a new Christ, a Carpenter indomitable in resurrection. Shall the church rise now and follow him in his adventure, or once again shall it join with Pilate and Caiaphas and Judas and bury him?

As I seek to trace the actual material out of which Jesus has shaped himself to my eyes, next to those aspects of him that the history of the world and the history of the church have transmitted to me, I see those four small strange books we call the Gospels. Really they are only four fragmentary little pamphlets written in a provincial Greek most imperfectly reproducing the rugged, lowly

Aramaic which Jesus and his associates actually employed. Mutilated, erased, imperfect, submitted to the hazard of fragile papyrus and of a copyists's blind fingers, and furthermore, written hurriedly to fit an immediate need, four tiny documents, all together not so long as a single copy of any popular weekly, these four insignificant little manuscripts strangely preserved out of the first century, are the rude casket from which issues a character dominant in the world's thinking for two thousand years. I use the word dominant advisedly. I mean that Jesus has always been a touchstone character, so that even to-day the greatest illumination you can have upon any man will lie in his answer to the question, Who is Jesus? You will attain even greater illumination upon any person's secret philosophy if you discover this to be a question he has never faced. The Galilean is never negligible. Steadfastly he dogs one's thinking until sooner or later every man and nation must either explain Jesus or explain him away. Why is he still here, still challenging?



Perhaps there has been no more successful method of keeping Jesus buried in his scripture casket than ignorance of the actual gospel narrative, and an uncritical approach to it. Those piecemeal portions dealt to many of us as children in golden text or Sunday-school lesson are often taken by us as adults for knowledge. When I have tried to empty my own mind of all obscuring half-acquaintance with the New Testament and to read it as if it were some unknown document fresh-found in some buried library, I have found myself as-

tounded as I gazed into a black past suddenly aglow with a procession of deathless pictures. If we had never seen Jesus wrought into stained glass or tapestry, had never heard him preached from a hundred pulpits, had never read him contorted into dogma, would not the gospel pictures shake us from head to foot—Jesus announcing his Messiahship to a coarse woman by a wellside against a background of holy mountain and whitening meadows; Jesus daring to send a clarion call into a black tomb, "Lazarus, come forth!"; Jesus standing alone and bound before the viceroy of Rome, and answering the governor's question, "Art thou King of the Jews?" with his level-eyed "Yes!" For myself I cannot read John with the same critical acumen with which I read Juvenal, without seeing the darkling present suddenly pierced by paths of light. If we had never heard his words before, would we not stand aghast that any man should conceive of saying, "I am Light"; "I am truth"; "I am water for those athirst"; "I am bread for those famishing." For myself, when I have tried to approach Jesus as courteously as I would approach Napoleon or Plato, I find his words crying to my brain with an insistence that does not speak to me in any other dead man's voice.

The present world is vast, and teems with discoveries and inventions that every day make it seem vaster. No one of us can keep abreast of the announcements that research makes in every morning's head-lines. Yet every one of us struggles to have a passing knowledge of what science and literature and history are constantly bringing to light. In the ef-

fort to know, even most superficially, what is going on about me, I have been most deeply impressed by the present revelations of Biblical study, and by the type of men devoting brain and soul to these investigations. Such men as Streeter, or Glover, or Goodspeed, to mention only three of many great and greater, are to me not negligible as students and discoverers. In forming my own estimate of the Galilean, I am forced to take into account the trend of present-day Biblical research to put the gospel narratives far nearer to the events they chronicle than widespread popular opinion puts them. In my own effort toward critical integrity, to dismiss the Gospels as accretions of folklore and legend would be an evasion so ready and easy that I could not, with self-respect, commit it. Both from internal and external evidence it would appear that all the essential facts of Jesus's life and doctrine were being preached to hostile audiences within two months of his execution. To my own mind, there is no real difference between what Simon Peter said at Pentecost and what Harry Emerson Fosdick is saying to-day.

The gospels impress me because they don't try to. They are addressed by men convinced to other men convinced. Matthew and Mark, Luke and John, never dreamed of converting you and me. We moderns are mere eavesdroppers, and I have tried to let that large and pregnant fact sink deep into my thinking. I myself have found it impossible to undervalue the verbal memories of Jesus's disciples, for it is a fact that before the invention of printing, verbal memory was most conscientiously

cultivated. Every man in Jesus's company had been trained in synagogue schools to listen and repeat long passages by heart. Because modern ears have atrophied does not mean that Peter and James and John were thus handicapped. Without any break in transmission, without any time for legend, all those incidents and all those words of Jesus which have revolutionized thought, were current within a year of his earthly life. For some thirty to forty years Jesus was given to the world by word of mouth. Not until eye-witnesses began to die was he intrusted to papyrus. But even so the three synoptic gospels, according to the best scholarly evidence that a mere layman can arrive at, appear to have been in active use, and not only that, they had been passed upon by eye-witnesses as the best of all the various lives of Jesus then in existence—before the year 80 A.D. This is only some thirty to forty years after his death. As I steadily try to discover for myself the foundations of my faith, it seems to me that if I were to doubt the accounts of Jesus as lightly as is often done, there is hardly a character in history that would remain to me. But of course it is safe enough for us to exhume other characters from their records. We are not afraid of them.

That the Gospels are conscious fabrication is something I have never been able to consider, for if four men meant to lie why didn't they do it better? Fabrication would never have permitted such glaring discrepancies to stand; but to me not the inconsistencies of the Gospels but their consistency is the incredible thing. The fourfold singleness of the

narrative is unique in literature, and perhaps was possible only in that ancient century and in that ancient land. It is both our advantage and our danger that we of to-day are subtle and sophisticated and meticulous in artistry. Jesus's transmission was given to men simple and ignorant and crude and receptive as little children. Four humble and illiterate men still shaken by an amazing contact tried to describe the effect an utterly unprecedented character had upon his contemporaries. Could four modern men have so forgotten themselves and their art that their four-fold narrative should present one variegated but harmonious portrait? I am writing of that man who slowly through the years has become more alive to me than any other human being, and I am humbly trying to discover whence he has become for me so real, and I find that one of the greatest influences upon my faith is my conviction that the biography of Jesus of Nazareth was intrusted to the only era and to the only mentality capable of transmitting him as one splendid and consistent whole.



To-day the greatest single deterrent to knowledge of Jesus is his familiarity. Because we think we know him, we pass him by. The greatest challenge to his followers is to know Jesus, and then to present him to others, clean and new and living, from out the grave-mold of familiarity. We think we know some hillside too near to allure us, but we have never seen the view from its summit, we have never listened to its bird-calls on a June dawn, and far less have we ever sought to penetrate either as botanists or as painters the

miracle implicit in a single blossom of its bobbing clover. We might spend a lifetime in study of that neighboring hill, and in the end recognize ourselves as still grotesquely ignorant before its mysteries of indomitable springtide forever new. We who would see Jesus are trying to see him as he really is, not as too much current opinion views him. Scholarship is every day bringing to us new facts momentous and challenging. Nazareth was no isolated hill-town, it was the busy suburb of the great metropolis of Sepphoris. If Jesus's manner of life and manner of speech appear rustic, it was because he chose to have them so. We think of Jesus as not knowing the culture of old Greece and Rome, in our absurdity of ignorance we even conceive ourselves as better informed than he in regard to those now buried civilizations then alive all about him. We have read of Greece, but Jesus knew Greeks as door-step neighbors. We have read of old Judea and old Egypt, but every day Jesus could actually observe the caravans that linked the alien cultures of farthest East and farthest West. We read of Roman manners and customs, but Jesus had the opportunity to walk the mosaic of a Roman bath, or sit with the spectators in an amphitheater. As Fosdick tells us, he delivered a solemn trust to his apostles not in the congenial Hebrew background we conceive as setting, but in the actual shadow of a temple to the Greek Pan and of another towering high and not long built to the God-emperor Augustus then living.

Jesus knew only old Palestine we are told; yes, but what a Palestine! Throbbing and crowded and buzzing

with commerce, netted with Roman roads that mock at modern engineering, gleaming with Herod's new-built Roman temples. There was no period of history, there was no spot in all the world that could have presented to the mind such complexity of thought, such variety of races and of activities and tendencies. If Jesus remained a villager, it was by conviction, for inescapably his whole philosophy of life must have been evolved in incessant contact with a diversity of culture and custom such as we moderns in our ignorance cannot even conceive. But not merely his historic environment throws new light on that Jesus we think familiar. There are facts of child-psychology which are strangely illuminating. Jesus's first knowledge of crucifixion came to him as a sensitive small boy when the rebellion at nearby Sepphoris was punished by the crucifying of thousands. Did Jesus see

those crosses? Did he actually know some of the men who hung upon them? If so, does this fact throw no new light on the bravery with which later he steadfastly set his face toward Jerusalem?

I look back at history, so-called secular and so-called sacred, and there I see Jesus emerging from grave after grave, ever more radiant. I read the four tiny biographies of him, and each time to me, a thinking and critical woman, their fourfold story seems more inexplicable. I look back at ancient Palestine in the light of the research that is going on in this very month and hour, and then I look around me at modern New York in all its strangeness of the new and the usual, and in and out, in and out of all the streets of the world, I see thridding his steadfast way, always familiar yet always to be discovered, the inescapable Galilean.

(Next Month: *Jesus in Human Experience*)

PEACEFUL PENETRATION

The Impact of American Business on English Culture

LIONEL D. EDIE

ON MY desk lie two well-known business reviews. In one, the latest from the Midland Bank, London, this sentence appears, "How to scramble out of the bog of depression in which for eight years we have wallowed is undoubtedly the most pressing of present-day problems."

The other, from the National City Bank of New York, rings with optimism: "Trade and industry have measured up handsomely to their favorable trade notices. There is no question but that a condition of prosperity pervades most sections of the country. . . . Sentiment is riding high on the crest of the wave."

These sharply contrasted pen-pictures seem fairly to conform to fundamental realities in England and the United States. One nation thrives and prospers, whereas the other is unable to shake from its back the eleven per cent load of unemployed labor. And yet, in any basic sense, the business life of the two countries cannot be segregated in water-tight compartments. The United Kingdom should normally be a billion dollar customer of the United States. That country has virtually the same importance as a buyer of our goods as all of South America and Asia combined. But in 1927, her purchases fell off to \$840,000,000, the

lowest figure for any year since 1914. And as I write, in 1928, the volume has run even below the 1927 level. Either American prosperity will leak over into the British domain, or their depression will flood over into the American domain. Depression is as difficult to quarantine as any other malignant bacillus.

Apparently, the contrast is purely economic. But actually it runs much deeper than the tactics of sales pressure and mass production. Fundamentally, the contrast is as deep as the roots of the national culture itself. Superficial British observers will tell the American that the chronic bad trade of Britain is due to the war, to the gold standard, to labor unions, to fossilized management, to foreign competition, to the Bank of England, to the coal strike and so on. There are atoms of truth in all of these claims, but even if we comprehend them clearly, we still miss the essence of the problem, for the essence is not a matter of economics at all; but of the attitude of a great people toward changes in their civilization.

What we have illustrated is the impact of a new high-speed business system upon an old, stable, proud and smug social and intellectual

order. Americans can with greatest difficulty understand the resistances which their own style of progress encounters. This is because they are prone to read only the episodes of the market-place. The real secret will not be found there. We shall find it only in the occasional outbursts of irritation which disclose deep feeling and deep thought—in British novel and drama, in the columns of literary criticism or editorial comment, in the manner in which British newspapers handle American news, in British humor on American themes, in the social contacts of pubs or lodging-houses, in dinner-table and fireside conversations, in the reactions of the sporting crowds at Wimbledon or Ascot, in flare-backs of American tourists repelled by social stone walls over which they cannot climb.

1913

While waiting in the office of the editor of the London "Nation" one day last summer, I picked up a new book which opened in substance with this proposition, "There are three great menaces which confront us: Fascism, Bolshevism and Americanism; and of these, the greatest is Americanism."

This striking gospel appealed to me as a true symptom of prevalent British thought. Taken by and large, the British people are hostile to the invasion of their industrial system by American methods. This aversion is focused on a variety of things which may be lumped together under the term "Americanization." The word has a special meaning in England which is almost unknown in the United States. What is this meaning? What does "Americanization" offer as a means of

remedying British unemployment? Why are the English people reluctant about being rescued from the "bog of depression" if "Americanization" is the price they must pay for it? The answers depend fundamentally upon the mental attitude of the British people toward this vaguely defined but very real process called "Americanization." Their attitude toward five main phases of the process may here be examined and the possible reaction upon our own state of trade considered.

First, Americanization means "consumptionism"—the multiplication of mass luxuries. In this country, the desire for these luxuries is great; our problem is how to satisfy the luxury wants. In England, the difficulty is the other way around; how to induce the people to desire the luxury satisfactions.

For example, I am informed that the majority of new houses going up in England are planned without furnaces—to use the English expression, "without central heat." This is not because the builders cannot afford central heat but because they do not want central heat. Chide an Englishman for the omission and he will tell you: "I want to see the fire. Of what use is a fire in the basement? Give me a wide open fireplace for solid comfort and enjoyment." An enterprising firm decided to build in London a modern office building with steam-heat, feeling sure that such convenience would be appreciated. But they could not rent the office space. Londoners claimed that steam-heat is unhealthy; besides, there was nothing like a good fireplace to make an office cheerful. Through similar logic, most of the

hotels of the country are still heated in the same manner as were our hotels of twenty or thirty years ago.

Refrigeration is in a like category. The people do not want American ice-water or ice-cream. They have tried to preserve food with chemicals until Parliament has felt compelled to protect the national health by forbidding the use of most such preservatives. Yet refrigeration makes slight appeal.

Recently I heard the manager of an American residential hotel say that his guests were insisting that old-style bathroom fixtures be ousted and plumbing in colors be installed. This amused me especially after I had spent a summer in one of London's large hotels, where private bathrooms were non-existent and one had to ring for a servant to draw a bath in the community tub on that particular floor. Outside of London, a hotel with private bath is an event.

For a while I could not but think these attitudes exceptional; however, on continued observation I must admit them to be fairly representative. During the summer, Sinclair Lewis, perhaps America's best-known novelist among English readers, ran a series of articles in the London "Evening Standard" commenting on these matters. He promptly evoked a good-natured rebuke from the late novelist and short-story writer, Stacy Aumonier, in these vivid words: "Americans . . . find that we don't drink ice-water, that our plumbing is out of date, that we have no central heating, in fact hardly any of the comforts of life. It is no good telling them that we like things like that. We are so darn superior we don't bother about food,

we don't like over-heated rooms, the plumbing that was good enough for Nelson is good enough for Baldwin. They just won't believe us."

Nearly half of all American tourists to Europe travel on British ships, but for every dollar they spend seeing England they spend five dollars seeing France. Englishmen do not seem to regret this diversion of nearly two hundred million dollars of American spending, to French merchants. If to gain it they must oust traditional standards of living and substitute cheap comfort enjoyments, they prefer to lose it.

The result? Old industries—coal, textiles, ship-building—are in the bog of depression and there is a lack of new industries to pull them out. One wonders how long the "consumers' resistance" of Old England will hold out against the luxury satisfactions which go with "consumptionism." One may even wonder whether two cars in every family, two bathrooms in every home and steam-heat at seventy degrees Fahrenheit are in truth the prime things in life. But one thing seems sure: if the people of England undergo a change of mental attitude, they will develop a market so tremendous as to put a million unemployed to work, wipe out much of the depression of the past eight years, and give us a more prosperous neighbor.

Second, Americanization means mass production. Or, to use a word which enjoys almost universal vogue in England, "rationalization." The reception given to this principle in England is varied and in many respects contradictory. The people stand in awe of it. They feel that it

has made America an El Dorado. They frankly want to adopt it in British industry. Chambers of Commerce extoll it. Trade unions invite it. Consumers blame the high cost of living upon the lack of it. And yet, there are countless resistances to slow it up.

Ask an automobile dealer in England why a Baby Austin 7-horse-power car should cost about \$750 when a Ford or a Chevrolet in the United States, a much larger car, costs considerably less, and he will say, "mass production." The assumption is that you cannot reach low unit costs unless you first have a market for a million cars. This is the reverse of the Henry Ford principle: First cut unit costs; then develop the market accordingly. Low unit cost comes first; mass consumption follows in due course.

Again, take the case of tools and machines. It is a source of pride that British-made tools and machines are more durable than American-made. A humorous illustration is to the point. In a recent Police Court case in England, the defendant was charged with attempting to break into and enter a warehouse. The police produced a lever and wrench found in the doorway. The magistrate, examining the wrench, said, "Very unreliable and very American. Mass production." And the clerk added, "Cheap and nasty." Now this is only a random story, but it does suggest a rather general attitude. Durability is cherished even when it becomes a handicap. If old machines have become obsolete and ought to be scrapped, the very fact that they are ultra-durable dissuades the owners from getting rid of them.

This slows down the process of introducing new and automatic machines and retards the progress of rationalization.

To illustrate further, take certain phases of the attitude toward labor. I heard an English banker severely criticizing a London branch manager of a New York bank because he had reorganized his office for greater efficiency and dropped several men from the pay-roll. The English banker considered it unethical to discharge labor even though rationalization called for it. Security of the job would be his criterion. Suppose it were a choice between fewer workers, more efficiently organized, at higher pay or the same workers at existing efficiency and moderate pay. The unwritten code of employee-relations would point to the latter course of action. Of course, this code reduces "technological unemployment," but it slows up the whole process of rationalization. It reduces turn-over but in the long run it retards the rate of increase of labor income.

Finally, the attitude toward applied scientific research may be noted. The attitude is not unfavorable, and much has already been done by the Fuel Research Board, the Cotton, the Woolen, and the Silk Research Association, the research laboratories of the steel-masters of Sheffield. One of the most notable recent utterances in England is the 1928 presidential address of Sir William Bragg before the British Association for the Advancement of Science. "The present number of industrial research workers," he declared, "is relatively small; it seems likely to increase, however, in proportion to the extent to which the province

of science is better understood. The huge American corporations maintain research laboratories costing millions of pounds annually, and find that the financial return justifies their policy." Specifically referring to the depressed industries of England, he pointed to "partial retrieval" in scientific research in the depressed industries—coal, steel, cotton, wool, and so on. But more fundamentally, he found the remedy for depression in "continually seeking for fresh industries or fresh adaptations of the old." His recommendation was: "We should not merely cling unduly to older activities when they have reached the stage in which many others have learned to do them with equal efficiency, and when we can go on to something new and produce what others must ask us for because they cannot so well make it themselves." This is noble doctrine and Sir William goes on to show that if this means mass production in England, then the sooner English industry gets on that basis the better. Sir Alfred Mond, now Lord Melchett, and other leaders in the rationalization movement would wholeheartedly agree.

But this is not the end of the story. If their factories begin turning out new kinds of goods, will the English consumer buy them? As we have already seen, probably to only a limited extent. Hence, the goods would have to be sold abroad. It would come down to this: English industry would be turning out mass comfort or semi-luxury goods which English culture would refuse to consume and which would therefore be thrust upon foreign markets where cultural resistance is weaker. This

process may have incongruities, but it is not at all improbable.

Third, Americanization means elastic credit facilities. Last year Reginald McKenna, Chairman of the Midland Bank, proposed to modernize the Bank of England after the Federal Reserve model. "In the United States," he declared, "credit can be readily expanded to meet trade requirements more or less regardless of the movements of gold, while with us such movements are the guiding factor." However, when the proposal came before Parliament last spring, in the form of the Currency and Bank Notes Act, it was rejected in no uncertain terms. The thought of British bankers was that their system had been in operation for more than two centuries, that it was firmly rooted in British institutions, and that nothing was to be gained by imitating a new and relatively untried American experiment. The pre-war gold standard, trimmed and altered here and there, remains the arbiter of credit, and if this means "hard money" and tardiness of growth of credit to meet the needs of trade, the business world will make the best of it. I do not wish to give the impression that England should have scrapped her financial system in favor of the American system, but merely to record, for whatever significance it may have, that when such a proposal was made, it did not get even to first base.

Moreover, I wish to point out that the inelastic credit condition of that country is by many blamed directly on American banking policy. Last spring, just when everybody hoped that the Bank of England might be

able to lower its discount rate and ease the credit situation, the Federal Reserve Banks began to raise rates in the United States in order to curb Wall Street speculation. This promptly destroyed the hope of easier money in London. Discussing the matter with me, one of the most prominent bankers in London characterized the situation as follows: "The greatest difficulty we face is to get interest rates down. The United States, by holding them up to check speculation, is forcing the whole world to keep interest rates abnormally high. If the United States is going to penalize the whole world in order to carry on a private war with Wall Street, it raises grave doubt whether the United States is competent to take a sufficiently broad international view to act as custodian for so much of the world's gold."

If it were merely a matter of banking technique, the problem of contact between American and British central banking would be relatively easy of solution. But it goes far deeper than technique; it goes down to the tap-roots of social ideas. It is considered a rank social impertinence even to ask what the policy of the Bank of England is. The Bank is managed by a closed caste of merchant bankers. A proposal to make it broadly representative of industry and trade is cried down as being socialistic. The Bank makes almost a creed of secrecy in its councils. It is harder to change the constitution of the Bank of England than it is to change the prayer-book of the Church of England.

Fourth, Americanization means prohibition. The doctrine so fre-

quently advanced by many Americans that prohibition has been an important source of prosperity receives a sardonic smile in Great Britain. The most reasonable estimates I could find placed their annual national drink bill at \$1,500,000,000. The equivalent of six weeks of every worker's yearly wages goes for alcoholic drink. The brewery industries are one of the relatively few industries that have enjoyed almost uninterrupted prosperity. The pub is one of the most deeply rooted of English institutions and no one expects to see it disappear in the proximate future. Depression in England must be remedied without the aid of prohibition. You can take away employment from the worker, but you must not take away his beer. There is small chance of carrying the selling of mass comforts past the starting point among a working population that carries the consumption of beer up to the saturation point.

Fifth, Americanization means protectionism. The English show a marked drift of sentiment in this direction. They call it "safeguarding" but this is merely a sugar-coated term for protection. Manufacturers in many lines have been vehemently demanding that the Baldwin Government come to their rescue with a high tariff and the Government has promised to hear each case "on its merits." Probably the steel industry will be one of the first beneficiaries of tariff protection.

Envyng our mass internal market, they have set out to develop a similar market "within the Empire." Around London one sees enormous

bill-boards crying the slogan, "Raise the Empire Line." It is an appeal to buy the products of New Zealand, Australia, Canada and South Africa rather than those of outsiders. A powerful voluntary organization has been formed to promote "Imperial Preference" in trade. Some newspapers announce lists of goods "Made within the Empire" so that true patriots may not be deceived. Automobile manufacturers carry newspaper advertisements: "Buy a British car." Such advertisements point out that every order for a British car furnishes employment to one laborer for a whole year. Automobile tire manufacturers advertise "An All British Tyre." Englishmen are criticized by their fellow-citizens if they spend their vacations at non-British sea-side resorts, and dramatic critics seem to think it bad form to speak approvingly of American-made moving pictures.

I had always supposed that one had to go to some Middle-Western town to find the "patronize home industry—buy at home" spirit in its purest form, but I must confess that England now surpasses anything we have to offer. The attitude is often tantamount to outright boycott of the foreign-made product. Our small merchants in all their warfare on mail-order houses, chain stores, and city department stores, have never reached a higher "trade at home" fever than the Englishmen are now striving to attain. And this in spite of the utter dependence of that country upon international trade.

I marvel at their enthusiasm for this feature of Americanization in preference to any other. It is probably the most controversial feature of our system and the one most often held up to ridicule. Yet, strangely enough, it is taking firm root in British soil and commands more publicity than any other device for reviving industry.

Looking at the situation from the broadest viewpoint, I think we may conclude that so-called "Americanization" is slowly but surely penetrating the English social order. "Consumptionism" has broken through the inertia at many points and is at about the stage that it had reached in this country ten to fifteen years ago. Mass production or rationalization is being more and more accepted by labor, as well as by capital, as inevitable. The old banking system has been patched up by some elasticity amendments. Prohibition is as inconceivable as ever, but protectionism makes amazing headway. The nucleus of hope is the shifting of capital to new industries where British genius can have free play, and the creating of new wants at home as well as abroad to furnish a market for the new industries. This does not necessarily mean that English culture would be destroyed, but it does mean grafting on to the old stock of culture many new and modern folk-ways, the gradual disappearance of the unemployment specter, and the revelation of increased buying power on the part of America's best European customer.

TEACHER AND STUDENT

The Technique of University Education

HAROLD J. LASKI

THE business of a university is not the transformation of undergraduates into fountains of information. It does not seek to make men expert in their life's career. Its business is the very different task of teaching the student how facts are converted into truth. Whether it uses history or chemistry or engineering to this end matters nothing as long as the task is accomplished. What it is seeking is the method whereby experience in any branch of knowledge can be connected with the structure of the universe. The pathway to that end is, above all, a training in the habit of skepticism. The student cannot know until he has learned to doubt. He must drive his way to the truths he achieves amid an intellectual tradition which is built upon indifference to any particular convictions and interest in the principle by which convictions can be justifiably held. He must learn that it is not necessarily right to be theist or agnostic, radical or conservative. A university has nothing to do with the dogmas comprised within these philosophies. It does not care which of them is right. It is uninterested in their future or their consequences. It seeks only to confer habits of mind which enable the student to weigh

the significance of facts from the angle of philosophy. A mind receptive to novelty, capable of wisdom, inclined to moderation—these are the excellencies at which it aims. If the student enters upon his life-work with qualities of this kind, the university will not have lived for him in vain.

There is an immediate value in a university atmosphere from the mere fact that it seeks, as the law of its being, to encompass the whole range of knowledge. For every subject bears upon another. Their juxtaposition corrects and balances what might otherwise possess false perspective. There is immediate discovery that the law must not be divorced from economics, that theology is without meaning save in the context of history. The student learns that knowledge is, after all, a seamless web, and that our categories are, at bottom, merely ways of arranging conveniently the facts we have acquired. Exploration in such an atmosphere tends to correct the limited horizon which, almost always, is the course of the specialist and the practical man. For the eternal vice of the first is the contracted mind which comes from failing to think beyond the confines of his subject; he has learning without wisdom.

So, too, the practical man is, as a rule, ignorantly proceeding upon unconscious assumptions the validity of which he has never tested; he has habit without philosophy. Most of the disasters in the world derive either from the specialist or the practical man.

But the student cannot be left to play at large in the field of knowledge, for the simple reason that it is too vast for him to encompass. Nor can it be said that there is any special body of knowledge it is his urgent business to acquire. His task is to learn the art of thought; and the university must so organize his instruction as to offer assurance that, when he leaves it, we have the right to hope it has been acquired. We have therefore to avoid in the technique we construct, whatever may narrow by undue specialization, as well as whatever may leave the impress of intellectual habits into the validity of which the student has not been taught to examine. We have to avoid, that is to say, the danger of making him either an unphilosophical expert or a practical man.

It is a gigantic task; and fifteen years of university teaching have only made me the more conscious of its difficulties. The profession of teaching, not least in the university, seems to me the practice of an art as difficult and complex as any in life. For one is seeking a common measure among minds of which the essence is uniqueness and individuality. One is teaching the art of generalization to students only partly aware of its limitations and its dangers. One is impressing upon the eager craving of youth for certitude

the infinite possibilities of error. One learns that there can be no training of the intellect which is not also a training of the character; and there comes, early enough, a pitiful sense of one's ignorance of the character one has to train. The vast procession of students passes, half-known or dimly known; the teacher has but a partial lien on their time and attention. The contacts he can hope to have with any of them are curiously tangential and fragmentary. Ideas, aspirations, convictions, prejudices are formed in each, of which he is unaware. There is never time for him to explore them in all, and rarely time to explore them in any. He cannot, like the tutor in Rousseau's "Emile" devote himself to a single mind to the exclusion of all others. He can never adequately know the doubts he has created, the dissatisfactions and certainties he has called into life. The greatest university teachers, William James, T. H. Green, Frederick Turner, Morris Cohen, would, I am convinced, ask no more at the end, than to have it said that they have failed splendidly. How, at the least, can we do what we can to make sure of splendid failure?

I shall divide here what I have to say into three parts. I shall discuss, first of all, the material of instruction to be offered. Then I shall seek to show how that material is to be utilized for the purpose of instruction. Finally, I shall seek to analyze the type of teacher the business of a university requires. In all I have to say, I shall be dealing only with humanistic subjects, for the simple and sufficient reason that I have had no experience in teaching other

branches; but I add that discussion with colleagues leaves me with the impression that the principles I shall lay down are not without their application in the scientific field.

I turn then, first to the material to be used. Here, as I think, it is essential that the field of study should be wide enough to display the boundaries of the subject, and narrow enough to permit of some degree of profundity in a portion of the field. We are not merely training the memory; of first importance is the fact that we are training the mind. If the student does history, let him do economics and politics as well; if he does literature, let him do history and philology; if he does philosophy, let him combine therewith a knowledge of scientific method and an insight into the principles of at least one major science. Nothing is worse than the habit (still common in too many universities) of allowing the student to roam at large over the whole of knowledge. There have been universities where courses in chemistry and Indic philology, American history and the Appreciation of Art, have all counted equally in the achievement of a degree. There are universities where the student, within some allotted field, roams over the vast surface of a complex subject and, at the end, knows nothing beyond the names of obvious peaks he could hardly avoid. He emerges as a mere taster of information, no different in mental make-up than the enthusiastic member of a woman's club who learns in ten lectures all she deems it necessary to know of literature or art or politics. This, in a university, is the sin against the light.

It is, moreover, fundamental that, in any subject, the student should learn its essentials at first hand. If he is studying Shakspeare, he must read Shakspeare; it is not enough to know what Bradley or Kittredge have learned from reading him. If he is studying the history of political ideas, he must wrestle at first hand with Plato and Aristotle, Locke and Hobbes, and Rousseau; and if, knowing them, he cannot recite the endless catalogue of names a textbook will recite, he will not, as a rule, be much the worse off. If he is doing economics, it is fundamental to make him read Adam Smith and Ricardo; to wrestle with them will give his mind an infinitely better texture than the ability to reproduce the leaded definitions even of a first-rate professional manual. For what, in the handling of the material, it is essential for the student to encounter is the great mind which has formed the civilized tradition. He will rarely find it easy to wrestle with; but he will gain infinitely more from surmounting the difficulties of the supreme book than by digesting a second-hand summary of what the supreme book contains. The curse of university instruction is invariably the textbook. Works of this kind are read by all but the first-rate student; and they deprive all but him of that thing essential to a tough mind, the thing William James called "the pungent sense of effective reality." There is no way to thought, save for the rare genius, except by way of the great thinker; and the textbook, however excellent, which stands in the way of such acquaintance is a snare and a delusion.

Any consideration, moreover, of material must build upon the factor of time. The undergraduate has three or four years in which to study; and there is no time in so brief a period for any but fundamental discipline. That means, I think, the deliberate exclusion from the field of anything intended to confer a technical equipment or to decorate the mind. Instruction in the art of writing plays, a course seeking to make students accountants, training in the appreciation of music or the art of public speaking—these, and things like these, as an essential factor in the discipline the university seeks to convey, are simply so much waste. There is nothing to be said against them in themselves. There is everything to be said against them as necessary parts of a university course. There are the best reasons why a student should learn to appreciate music or understand the mysteries of a balance-sheet. But those reasons are not integrally connected with the basic purpose at which a university aims. Additions to knowledge resulting from these studies, do not constitute illumination of mind. Such subjects do not help that power to reduce facts to order upon principles which carry conviction, which is the essence of university purpose. A student who has attended a course in dramatic technique may become a successful amateur actress, or more rarely, an almost successful Broadway playwright. But the art so acquired will have been gained at the expense of more ultimate things. There is a different time for its acquisition; and the majority of those who seek it as a discipline

are usually the students who desire rather to amble delicately through a university career for social reasons, or regard a university degree merely for the cash value it will later represent. They profit by the university only to betray its ideals.

The selection of the proper material is only a part of the problem; it is necessary to consider the methods of teaching. For the most part, our universities rely upon the lecture system with, or without, the addition of classes. The teacher expounds a subject; the student takes notes; some reading is assigned to him dwelling upon the lecturer's theme. He may later be a member of a class in which the lecturer, or some substitute, will ask questions, or deal with difficulties, in the hope of conferring further illumination. He may, also, be asked to write short papers which he will receive back with criticisms.

Of the value of some lectures there can be no sort of doubt. Some men seem born to inspire the student with an enthusiasm for their subject. Others can so analyze a complex body of material that the student learns the art of generalization as the masters alone can generalize, in a fashion which nothing else can replace. Others again can send the student away full of such passionate questioning that he has no alternative but a mental strife within himself until he has found some kind of response. Lectures that do these things are a valuable part of university technique.

But it must, I think, be admitted that such lectures are rare. Most of them are reproductions of books,

an effort at a summary of knowledge so as to save the student's time. Many of them present a corpus of doctrine, which the student is bidden to reject only at his peril. It is, I think, fair to assert that the business of a lecture is to do one of three things. It must genuinely convince a student that the theme is of first-rate importance; it must, that is to say, drive him into personal investigation of its substance. Or it must contain genuinely new knowledge or a new point of view not obtainable in the obvious books; it must, in this case, give old facts a new perspective by addition or original emphasis. Or, thirdly, it must raise problems upon old material which forces the student to think out for himself the way and the nature of their solution. Lectures which do not seek to do these things have no place in a genuinely educational process.

And lectures alone are never a satisfactory method of instruction; it is essential that they be supplemented by discussion and the written work of the student. Here, as I believe, we reach the pivot of the problem in American and English university education. Only the exceptional student gains much from a lecture. The average student needs consistent personal contact with first-rate and mature minds, both in the written and spoken word, if he is to gain anything permanent from even the best of lectures. That means that the discussion class must be small and the teacher of first-rate quality. It is not good enough to make lecturing the task of the professor, and discussion classes the office of an "assistant" who is usually a graduate student research-

ing for his doctorate. The student will learn more from half an hour's personal talk with men like Cohen or Haskins or Turner than from a dozen of their lectures. To have his mind turned upside down, to be driven back, by continuous questioning, against difficulties he either did not know or sought to avoid—this is the real pith of intellectual discipline. The assistant who can do this work adequately is rare. And even where he can afford to give his whole mind to the task, he does not compensate for lack of personal contact with the men who are seeking by their lectures to train the student in the art of thought. For education means ten times more when it is built upon the foundation of personal friendship between student and professor than when the latter is, as he too often is, a dim and awesome figure who appears upon a dais twice or thrice in the week for a session.



Even more emphatically is this the case with the written work. In most universities, this takes the form either of brief themes, or of answers to factual questions which are intended to test the students' acquaintance with their lectures and textbooks. I find it difficult to see common sense in either. A two or three page essay, returned with a brief, even pungent comment, does not give the student's mind elbow room. What he needs is to be driven into thinking upon a big scale. He must be made to search out in coherent form the answer to a problem of real size. The essay he turns in must be read with him in detail and phrase by phrase. He must learn his faults of style, the gaps in his

logic, the inadequacies of the sources he has used. The teacher must play devil's advocate against the position the student urges, insist that he give justification for his every argument, exhaust the armory of the casuist in his examination of the student's case. No one who has taken an essay with pride to a really good Oxford tutor and returned deflated from the ordeal can have failed to see that the experience was a landmark in his intellectual history. There are tutors at Harvard and Princeton who have done that for their students. Something of the same thing has come to men who have worked for an "honors" degree at Swarthmore. But, in most English and American universities, Oxford and Cambridge (to their eternal honor) apart, there is no reason in the world why the student should ever have this experience. And when he misses it, he misses the best sort of training the university can give.

Of the brief class-paper in which short factual answers are sought—admirably satirized in Owen Wister's "Philosophy Four"—I can only say that they seem to me sheer waste of time. They test nothing but the poorest sort of memory, and that only in a fashion in no way indicative of mental quality. They never really extend the student's mind. They do not compel him to argue with himself, to build hypotheses, to defend a position. They bring great comfort, doubtless, to the administrative mind which seeks to pin each student down on a card-index, as the entomologist fastens his specimen to the piece of cardboard. But they merely harm the student who answers them and the teacher who

marks them. They hurt the first because they substitute recollection for thinking. They treat information as valuable in itself and neglect the problem of its significance. They are bad for the teacher because they provide him with a lazy substitute for the real business of getting to know the student's mind. They persuade him to confidence where he should be uneasy. They tempt him to routine where his function is painful experiment. Above all, they neglect altogether the basic fact that the student has an individuality of his own. They are factory methods of instruction, useful if we seek to turn out mental Robots by the thousand, dangerous if our ambition is the training of thinking minds.

My case, therefore, in this aspect, is threefold. I have no doubt of the high value in the lecture that inspires, or makes for doubt, or shows the student facts in a new setting. I have no use for the lecture that is merely a substitute for books. I have little interest, either, in the lecture that merely seeks to simplify. A university has no business to retain mental swaddling clothes; it is concerned with the pursuit of intellectual maturity. But lectures without discussion, and that at the highest attainable level, seem to me merely barren. The chief way in which the student learns to think is by testing his mind against the teacher's mind. He has to learn to ask significant questions, to explain to himself significant answers. He has to find the obvious made doubtful, and the unbelievable proved to be true. He has to be led into a mental jungle and driven, by confronting intellectual danger, to

find his way to the light. That, I venture to insist, is work for the best minds a university possesses; and to have it done as inferior work is ruinous to all that great lecturing can achieve. Almost of equal urgency, is the writing of essays that have to pass the gamut of detailed criticism. To learn the arrangement of facts so that they become significant, to be taught the danger of eloquence, to realize how difficult is the attainment of clarity and how many are the pitfalls which surround that task of sustained persuasion which is logic—all this is of the essence of a liberal education. Again I would argue, that to deal adequately with a student's essay a first-rate teacher is required. It is never mechanical work. It requires the faculties of the teacher at their most alert and most creative. To intrust it to the second-rate or the mentally half-trained, as we are too often content to do, is to deprive the student of the highroad to the end we have in view.



Here, perhaps, I may interpolate two remarks upon related themes. The university has failed when its students are not aroused to passionate discussion amongst themselves, or when the work they do fails to awaken them to the study of great books. Unless the system is so organized that students cannot but feel that they are constantly on the heels of some eternal truth, there is something wrong with the system. The university period ought, above all things, to be a period of intellectual excitement. The test of this is nothing so much as the habit of the student outside the class-room. A university, therefore, seems to me to

require the deliberate organization of an environment which makes student discussion easy. It ought to be prolific of debating societies, history societies, economic societies and the rest. It needs urgently halls of residence—the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge are the classic example—where men eat together, talk together, think together. Just as a correspondence course can never be magnified into a true university, so when students scatter at night to a thousand separate homes, much of what makes for the inwardness of a university is lost. That is why I believe that, rightly handled, the experiment of a college within a college upon which Harvard is about to embark, may well mark an epoch in American education.

The second remark is the need to study great books. I mean this in two senses. On the one hand it means dissatisfaction with the textbook. The student who is satisfied with pemmicanized knowledge has gone through the university with his mind closed; he has eaten facts, but not digested them. He has collected information, but not absorbed ideas. For the textbook that genuinely communicates the light and shade of its theme, the textbook that is critical, skeptical, challenging, is rare. That is the experience the student needs, and only the classics will provide it. On the other hand it means a habit of personal exploration. The student must learn to attack the masters without thinking of them as part of a course. He must find them interesting or important for their own sake and not because a knowledge of them will give marks in an examination. I have encountered a student in his

third year who had not read "Pride and Prejudice," because his subject was, he explained, history and not literature. I am inclined to believe that there is no more final test of university adequacy than its effectiveness in creating a widespread curiosity in books. Failure to do this is failure to arouse that hunter's instinct for knowledge which, more almost than any other quality, enables the student to find himself. When I find the student who has made great literature his own personal province, I know that I have found the man whom it is invariably a privilege to teach.

At bottom, the quality of a university is always in direct proportion to the quality of its teachers; and we have to begin by the admission that the great teacher is one of the rarest of human beings. He has to fill a subject with his personality. Careful of truth, he must be yet a casuist. Constantly engaged in the discovery of new knowledge, he must yet, as constantly, be able to tread well-worn paths with a sense of vigor and freshness. He must have, above all, a genius for friendship. He must make the theme he expounds the highroad to a direct and intimate knowledge of those whom he teaches; and that he cannot do without spontaneous affection for them. The university which secures men of this type has occasion only for humble gratitude. Its business is to neglect the possibly dangerous views he may hold, the absence in him of socially graceful manners, eccentricities of dress or behavior or outlook. Its simple function is to keep him at all costs, and to make the effort upon

which he is engaged capable of performance with the least call upon his strength. For the true epochs in a university's life are not marked by its buildings, its books, or even the growth of its numbers; they are marked by the great teachers it has possessed. We still talk of the Oxford of T. H. Green, the Cambridge of Maitland and Henry Sidgwick, the Harvard of James and Turner, as we shall talk of the Harvard of McIlwain and Haskins, the Cornell of Becker and Young, the Columbia of Dewey and Beard. The instinct that builds these categories goes right to the heart of the matter.

University teachers, like the members of other professions, are, for the most part, mediocrities striving to be sublime; our business is to maximize their sublimity. To do so, we have, above all, to beware of three essential dangers. We must give them no financial reward that does not produce a reasonable standard of comfort; anything less means lack of nervous energy, multiplication of hack-work like textbooks and summer schools, and the guarantee of that shabby gentility which is the ruin of intellectual freedom. We must, secondly, have generous categories of qualification and promotion. The emphasis upon degrees as a test of fitness is almost always the substitution of routine for insight; a doctor of philosophy may have learning in minutiae, but that is no proof of wisdom in essentials. When we have got a young teacher whose powers and enthusiasm are obviously real, the thing to do is to give him the responsibility of a chair in his subject before he is thirty-five. To do otherwise means, as a rule, that an-

tiquity is mistaken for experience, that when he comes to the point of having a big subject under his control, an excessive period of subordination has unfitted him to plan and initiate. The third danger is the exaltation of the administrator in the office. Teaching always suffers when it is deprived of flexibility by service to a routine. Card-indexes, reports, examinations, neatly rounded curriculums, multiplicity of committees, these are soul-destroying agencies. They satisfy the bustling executive who loves order and neatness and routine. They make him the despot of the teacher by ministering to his lust for power. For the effective teacher, almost always, wants nothing so much as to be left alone; and the university administrator likes nothing so much as the making of endless rules and regulations and schemes which entrap both teacher and student into the service of habit, which irritate and inhibit the emergence of intellectual freedom. Yet it is above all for that emergence that a university exists; and there is no better test of its adequacy than to inquire whether the administration is powerful and obtrusive or merely observant and helpful.

Every teacher, I believe, has three great obligations. He must continually research, he must keep a fresh mind, and he must know his students not as a shapeless mass seen from a dais, but as individuals whom, if he can, he will cultivate as friends. These are grim conditions, physically exacting and intellectually wearing. By continuous research, I do not mean constant publication. The modern tendency to judge men by

their volume of published output is, I believe, responsible for not a little of inadequate teaching standard. It is a facile test of promotion naturally welcome to busy administrators; it is not the slightest proof of intellectual adequacy. A man should be asked to publish only when he feels that what he has to say requires the test of criticism by other scholars because, thereby, it is likely to add significantly to the sum of knowledge. By research I mean in part a devotion to the reëxamination of the ultimate principles of a subject, and also an endeavor to extend their boundaries by solution of the problems to which they give rise. Some of the greatest scholars of the last half-century, Lord Acton, for instance, and F. J. Turner, published comparatively little; but their knowledge was so wide and deep, their power, born of that knowledge, to ask creative questions so fundamental, that they were able to fertilize all other work in their generation by reason of it. In this sense, the teacher's real task, is himself to embark upon the investigation of a really big theme, and use the new insight that research conveys to illuminate the whole subject he expounds. And, almost invariably, the earlier he finds the big theme with which to grapple, the better work as a teacher he is likely to do.

He must, in the second place, keep a fresh mind. His lectures, his criticism, his discussion must never become a system of formulas that he regurgitates year by year to students whom the academic tradition has already taught what they are to expect. This involves, I think, a number of important decisions. Certainly,

in the first place, some such institution as the sabbatical year is imperative. A man who goes on teaching year in and year out, without the opportunity of leisured self-examination, is bound to go stale. His teaching begins to lose vitality; he lacks the power to develop that intellectual second wind of which William James wrote so wisely. The sabbatical year may mean travel, or research, or a happy browsing amid books. Whatever it means, it involves a substantial period in which the teacher does not teach in order to remain an effective teacher. There is no substitute for this experience. I believe, too, that the fresh mind involves consistent exploration by the teacher of the confines of his subject. He must be at constant pains to avoid the dangers of undue specialism. He must learn to see his universe in perspective as well as under a microscope. There is no single way of attaining this end, for the simple reason that intellectual habits are as various as men. Morris Cohen makes his philosophy more profound by a constant study of the law. Graham Wallas has quickened his insight into political science by experience of practical administration on the London County Council. Leonard Hobhouse has laid the foundations of English sociology by the practice of political journalism and industrial negotiation. Freshness of mind, in a word, is born of the cultivation of diverse disciplines; there may be learned teaching without it, but there will never be wise teaching.

A third condition of the fresh mind is more difficult to state. It is important that the teacher change from time to time not only the subject-

matter he expounds, but also the period of time he devotes to it. It is a bad thing for any man to go on lecturing year in and year out, upon the same theme. The texture of his mind thereby becomes inelastic. His approach to what he has to say becomes formulistic, and his categories of explanation become tyrants to which he is a slave. One of my first colleagues had lectured upon the same subject (a period of English history) for fifteen years; and, year by year, as the session ended, his notes went back to his box in the Safe Deposit Company, so that next year's work would leave him with no problems. The result was the inevitable one that, at least for the purposes of teaching, he had ceased to think upon his subject. His mind was utterly closed to the new view or the new material, simply because the effort of absorption they would have involved was too great. He had ceased to see his theme as a body of principles and problems; it had become a theological creed not open to reëxamination. Something of the same holds, too, about the period of time. Our division of the university year into terms or semesters tempts us, only too often, to spread our treatment of subjects so as to coincide with those periods. Nothing is more urgent in university technique than experiment in this realm. We are handicapped here by the almost universal tradition of compulsory lectures, and the belief that a certain number of credits, taken together, add up to a university degree. These are evil dogmas which betray us at every turn. Oxford and Cambridge have had the wisdom to have no compulsory lectures; Harvard

and Swarthmore have taken steps of importance in this direction. We need to go much further. We need to preach insistently to the student that, granted accessible counsel, the responsibility of what lectures he may attend is on his shoulders as a part of the discipline he is to acquire; and we need to free the teacher from the need to think out his lectures in terms of the units convenient for university administration. A teacher who comes back from a long vacation full of ideas about Rousseau will serve his students better by a short course about something that has excited him than by a long course on which he feels he has nothing new to say. We know from his pupils how admirable a vehicle of instruction was Ranke's habit of discoursing at large in the lecture-room upon some new book that had interested him. We need far more of such practice simply because the book that excites the teacher is a natural source of illumination to the student.

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The third great obligation in the teacher, I have said, is the need to make his pupils his friends. No teaching work is really successful which remains on a purely official plane. The teacher who disappears from his lecture-room as soon as the lecture is over; the teacher who will see students only within stated office-hours, as though he were a manufacturer receiving commercial travelers; the teacher who lays it down, as I have heard it too often laid down, that his connection with the university ends as soon as he leaves its buildings—all these are depriving the student of much that makes for the best in university

instruction. For upon that official plane, the student's mind can never be intimately known. His real thoughts, his profoundest ambitions, are never revealed in casual intercourse of that kind. The teacher who gets the best out of his students makes his home an annex to the university. He is not prepared to divide off his life into compartments, into some of which the student cannot enter. He entertains them, talks with them, gives them the sense that he is eager to proffer counsel. It is, of course, exacting labor; and it may mean a heavy call on his time. But I think that men like Copeland of Harvard, who have devoted their lives to their students, would say that they have been repaid a hundred times by the affection and insight they have gained through their devotion; and I know that there are innumerable students all over America to whom Harvard will always mean certain Monday nights in "Copey's" room, where two dozen undergraduates on the floor have been led by his genius for friendship into those high regions of the mind where the mystery of education begins to be revealed.

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I have dealt here only with the problem of the university and the undergraduate; the professional training a university seeks to confer raises issues, both of personnel and technique, of a quite different order. I have been concerned with the elementary conditions which will enable a student to enter a professional school, on the one hand, or his life's career, on the other, with a mind trained to distinguish sub-

stance from shadow. Those conditions will not give results that are sudden or startling or immediate; it is not the business of a university to look for such results. They depend, as Newman said of his own university ideal, "on the slow, silent, penetrating overpowering effects of patience, steadiness, routine and perseverance." They depend, too, for their success upon the two assumptions that the teacher is there from a genuine pride in his vocation,

and the student not merely because he is anxious for the material advantage of a university degree. I claim for them no more than their ability to promote love of knowledge for its own sake, to secure that relentless curiosity of the mind which insists upon truth because it cannot do otherwise. Yet, after all, that love and that knowledge have been the parents of all that is most precious in the common life of civilization.

REMNANT

ISABEL McLENNAN McMEEKIN

All but her pride and penury are gone
And selfishness alone keeps stride with wealth;
Thin fingers clutch life's last unbartered pawn
And evil age creeps on her steps by stealth.
It has reshaped the contours of her face
And drawn her features in an ugly frown;
She has no gentleness nor any grace,
This richest woman in our little town.

She likes to bicker with the grocer's clerk,
And claim the price of lettuce is too high.
He answers with a half discourteous jerk,
The price is such, "and do you wish to buy?"

Yet she was once my mother's charming friend:
Kind Death, be quick, cut short this fraying end.

CHARLEY BOYLE

The Condensed Story of an Intensive Life

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

THE curious collector of Americana will find on the library table of the Shamrock A. C., a full-morocco, handsomely illustrated "Life of the Hon. Charles Aloysius Boyle." It is a sound, informative work, running into three hundred pages of solid data, soberly set down in the spirit of truth. Conceived in piety, and painfully composed by the Literary Committee of the Shamrocks, it is a solemn and dignified monument to the memory of a good man.

But as an antidote to its official piety I recommend my own shorter version, written because I happened to love Charley Boyle, and because I knew that the Shamrock "Life" was a huge myth, an unconscious biographical lie. From the reminiscences of two other men who knew and loved Charley as I did, I have drawn most of my material. Charley's own words complete the picture.

Father Brian Gore's Story

I prepared Charley Boyle for his first communion in the Parochial School class of ninety-three, and an illustrious class it was, too. Three members of that little group afterward became priests, and Timothy Byrne, the present mayor of Marton, was in the same class with Charley.

I used to meet my tender neophytes in the vestry every afternoon to instruct them in their catechisms and hear them recite the prayers every first communicant has to know. I do not remember that Charley was especially brilliant as a child. He certainly showed none of that eloquence which characterized his later papers and addresses. That he was steady, obedient and pious in a quiet way, I readily recall. He was one of the best altar-boys I ever had; I remember giving him a baseball bat for serving me at seven o'clock mass for two years, without ever missing a morning. And because he was a plump, ruddy-cheeked cherub, I sometimes let him carry the crucifix in Lenten services. His mother seemed delighted that her Charles had been singled out for this honor, and often thanked me for being what she called, "so good to her boy."

On my parish visits there was no threshold that I liked better to cross than Timothy Boyle's. The Boyles lived for many years on the top floor of a three-story house—tenement, I suppose you'd call it—on Medford Street, down by the rubber factory. The district was poor, the house miserably ramshackle; but there never was a brighter, happier flat

than Anne Boyle's. Her five rooms and seven children glistened with soap, water and holiness. With her husband's pay as teamster—he never made more than twenty dollars a week—she set a good plain table, furnished her five rooms, and bedded her family as decently as possible in such cramped quarters. She contributed to the support of her pastor, kept up a thousand dollars insurance on her husband, and saved a little money besides. Anne Boyle lived to see her whole family confirmed, her eldest son Thomas a physician, and her daughter Theresa a Carmelite nun. But Anne Boyle's great ambition was to have a priest in the family, and she prayed mightily that Charley would find his vocation. It is about this vocation that I think the friends of Charley Boyle would like to hear.

I was reading my office one day, walking up and down the side aisle of the church, when I noticed young Charley Boyle lighting a candle at the shrine of our Blessed Lady. I was pleased to see such evidence of piety, but thought it not unusual in the son of a religious household. But the next day the same thing happened; and every afternoon for a month I saw Charley light his candle, drop a nickel in the box, and pray for ten or fifteen minutes.

Then he began to go to communion every morning at seven o'clock mass. Daily communion was not so common then, as now, and Charley's frequent approach to the sacrament caused a flurry of comment among the few regular attendants at early mass. "A vocation sure," was the whispered gossip among the aged faithful. I marked time patiently,

knowing that Charley would come for counsel pretty soon now. Sure enough, after a long period of daily communion and afternoon visits, Charley knocked on my study door one summer evening. In a down-gazing adolescent way, he was hesitant, nervous. So I, thinking to ease up the tension, opened the conversation casually.

"How's the slugging shortstop?" I queried. "Batting four twenty?"

"I—I'm not playing baseball these days, Father."

"Not playing baseball? Why, Charley, what's the matter?"

"Well, Father, you see—I—think I've—" He fidgeted pitifully for a moment, then blurted out, "I think I've got a vocation, Father, and I want to be a priest."

"Noble, Charley, noble; the Church needs good priests, and has far too few of them. Sit down, lad, sit down. And how old are you now, Charley?"

"Fifteen, going on sixteen."

"And how long have you felt this way—about your vocation, I mean?"

"Oh, it's been troubling me for a couple of years now, getting stronger all the time; and for the last three months it's been with me every minute. It's bothering me, Father; I've made novenas and asked for all sorts of help from St. Aloysius, but that hasn't done any good and now I guess I better do something about it."

"Has any one at home said they'd like to see you a priest?"

"Only my mother. She's been hinting at it ever since I can remember. She keeps saying that out of her five sons she ought to be having at least one of them a priest."

"That's natural in mothers, Charley—but we mustn't mistake their wishes for a vocation. How about your own feelings now? Tell me what they're like, if you can—and if you don't mind."

"I can't describe them, Father, not the way I really feel them. But most always, something fills up in my throat when the bell rings at the elevation, or when I smell the incense at benediction. When the church is empty I like to be alone in front of the altar, or at the little shrine of the Blessed Virgin. On Sundays I wish I could climb up into the pulpit and give a fine sermon, and have my mother sitting in the front row with tears in her eyes listening to me. She'd cry every Sunday, she'd be so happy."

"But now supposing, Charley, you were to be sent away outside the parish to a strange town or maybe a foreign country, never to see your mother or family or friends again. Would you be happy to work all day and sometimes far into the night, making sick-calls to dirty tenements, hearing endless confessions from foul-breathed old men and women, and never having any home or family of your own? Would you be happy to exchange every worldly possession, every earthly ambition, for the love and lonely service of God, no matter where that service led you?"

"I never thought of it that way, Father Gore."

"Of course one doesn't put it that way when one is young and brimming with devotion, but it's a test we all have to propose to ourselves. We'll talk of that again, later on. But now isn't there something else,

perhaps, that's bending you toward the priesthood? Something that's been troubling you secretly; something you couldn't talk to any one else about?"

Charley dropped his eyes. I waited.

"Yes," he began, "there is—something, only I don't know how to say it."

"Is it something about a girl?" I suggested tenderly, then waited for the words, perhaps the tears. Both came in a flood.

"Oh, Father, it's—it's Helen Knowlton that lives up in the West End." Dammed-up emotion burst the bulging dikes of Charley's heart. "She's a—a Baptist, and I keep looking at her in school all day long, and at night I can't forget her. She's so—*lovely*, Father. And I don't dare say anything about it at home; it would kill my mother if she knew I was thinking about a Protestant girl, me that's supposed to be the priest in the family—and she's a Baptist, too, that makes it worse. Baptists and Presbyterians are the hard-shelled black ones, my mother says. But Helen Knowlton doesn't seem black or hard-shelled at all—just the opposite, white and gentle and—soft."

"How long have you known Helen?"

"Almost a year now. I saw her the first day I went to high school, and she says she saw me that day too. She had on a white dress with little blue flower-figures in it. I didn't dare speak to her for a long time, but one day at recess she was standing near me and I offered her a doughnut. She took it, and after that I wasn't afraid to say hello to her when I saw her on the street. A

couple of times last winter we went skating on Cradock Pond, but there were always other people around and the only time I had her all to myself was when I was putting on her skates. Last spring was when I really got to—to know her. We used to walk home from school every afternoon, but sometimes we wouldn't go right home. We'd take long walks up by the reservoir and sit under a tree on the banking and watch the swans till supper-time. Once she put her head on my shoulder and cried, and I cried too, because I knew we could never get married. . . . Is it really wrong to marry a Protestant, Father?"

"Sometimes it isn't wise, Charley. Anyway, you're too young to be thinking about getting married. Why, only five minutes ago you were telling me you wanted to be a priest."

"Well, I do. I want to go away and be a monk in an order."

It was easy to diagnose Charley's trouble. He most passionately desired to be a martyr on the old cross of disappointed love. Doubtless he pictured himself in jeweled vestments, holding a richly chased ciborium over the head of his little girl friend. Perhaps he was hearing her confession, and exhorting her to a life of chastity in a rose-trellised convent adjoining his monastery. So I thought I'd try the simple but effective dodge of holding him off for a while.

"Well now, Charley," I said, "your case is a bit unusual, a bit complicated, so here's what we'll do. Let's go along just as we were, trying this thing out a little further before we come to any decision. Let it run a year, say. Even at the end of that

time you'll only be in your second term at high school. Then if you feel that you'd rather be a priest than anything else in the world, come and tell me about it—and I'll be the happiest man in Marton if I can send you to the seminary. Meantime, keep up your Latin, you'll need it anyway, and don't worry too much about Helen Knowlton. Be good friends with her, just as you are with the other girls. And if I were you, I wouldn't sit on the reservoir-banking any more; it's not just—well, you understand—it's not just fair to the vocation, that's all."



So Charley Boyle went home that night to think over his vocation in the privacy of a room he shared with three brothers. He lay awake so long thinking about it, or pining for his girl, that he overslept the next morning, and consequently didn't get to seven o'clock mass. His afternoon visits to church became less frequent; the daily communion ceased; but with the natural piety of many Irish Catholics, Charley Boyle kept up the habit of weekly communion throughout his life.

After five or six months of dwindling devotion, during which period the vocational needle must have wavered tremulously, Charley came home from school one day to find that he had no father. Timothy Boyle's express-wagon had been clipped by a fast freight at a grade crossing—and Timothy Boyle, teamster, was no more.

Anne Boyle buried her man decently, and had a small surplus left over from the insurance money. Nevertheless, an immediate re-ordering of the family finances was neces-

sary. Two sons were already at work, but their poor wages could not support the family. So Charley had to leave school. Anne Boyle reluctantly abandoned the idea of her Charley being a priest, but bread had to be put on the table for her four youngest, and with stoic piety she offered thanks when Charley found a job with Michael Durgin the contractor, mixing cement at ten dollars a week.

It was a year after his father's death that Charley next rapped on my study door. He was seemingly a sturdier, more resolute young man than the troubled boy who had blurted out his heart to me eighteen months before. He told me that with his new responsibilities at home, it was out of the question for him to spend the next six years preparing for the priesthood. I suggested that we forget the whole episode, remarking with a smile that vocational twinges were a not unusual malady of adolescence.

"And how do you get along with your new boss, Michael Durgin?" I asked, changing the subject.

"Couldn't ask for better treatment, Father. Mr. Durgin's a prince. He started me off mixing concrete, but now he's got me laying foundations, superintending a gang of wops. He says he's going to teach me contracting from the cellar up, so I'm studying draftsmanship every night at the Shamrock A. C.—"

"Shamrock A. C.? What's the Shamrock A. C.?"

"The Shamrock Athletic Club, or in full, the Shamrock Athletic and Outing Club. It's really MacSorley's old barn, but Martin Foley, Peter Quinn and myself have fixed it up so

we can have a place to hang out. So far we've got six members and five chairs. You'll have to come over and see the place, Father."

"Depend upon it, Charley, I shall, just as soon as my curate comes back from his vacation. And now, lad, let me congratulate you on your friend and employer, Michael Durgin. He likes you, Charley; only the other day he was telling me what a hustler you were. Stick by him, Charley, and he'll stick by you. He's a power in Marton politics, and the biggest contractor in the county. Besides"—I thrust out a tentative lead—"he's got a charming daughter Rose. Have you met Rose yet?"

"Yes, Father. She's a nice girl all right." Charley was distant. "She's pretty, and she plays the piano, and we kind of like each other—but say, Father"—the old impetuous Charley broke out again—"supposing a fellow keeps on wanting to be with—with some one else, and can't forget her, and is happiest when he's with her, and she's happy only when she's with him—would it be wrong—to—?"

"To chuck his job, lose a valuable friend, break his mother's heart and probably bring great unhappiness on himself in the end? It wouldn't be wrong, Charley; no, it wouldn't be wrong. But it wouldn't be wise either. Now look here, lad; if you're really in love with this girl, why don't you bring her around to see me sometime. We'll talk over the possibilities of making a good Catholic out of her—"

"No, Father. Her family wouldn't listen to it. Her father's a Mason, and he's as dead set against Catholics as my mother is against Protes-

tants. He's as black—as—as my mother is."

"Then let's do once more what we did with the vocation. Let's wait a year, two years, to see if this thing really lasts. You're both young yet; why neither of you know your own minds—"

"*That's not true, Father,*" said Charley Boyle simply, and without anger. The quality of his voice paralyzed me, and for a minute I was silent. Then I rose and put my hands on Charley's shoulders.

"Charley," I said, "you're a good man, and whatever a good man does is right. But don't be hasty, lad. That's all the advice your old friend Father Gore can give you now."

He went out that night in pale agony.

And five years later I married Charley Boyle and Rose Durgin in the upper church.

Stenographic Report of the Address of President Charles A. Boyle at the Twenty-fifth Annual Dinner of the Shamrock A. C.

Dear Friends and Fellow Members:

We are assembled to-night in a spacious hall of our own, surrounded by elegant furnishings and the remnants of what was once a sumptuous repast. (*Laughter and cheers.*) We have left severally the quiet hearths and peaceful companionships of our homes, and have proceeded along decent and well-lighted highways to enter the portals of the Shamrock A. C. Our coming together this evening is marked by no ostentatious display of wealth or power; but as I cast my eye over this assembly I see vigorous and successful members of

the great families of Marton. We are assembled in peace, we are congregated in friendship, we are met to do honor to ourselves and our native city by celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Shamrock Athletic and Outing Club.

As I stand before this gathering of life-long friends, I am reminded of other gatherings long ago, in humbler quarters it is true, but featured by the same hearty fellowship that pervades our circle this evening. Gentlemen, at the risk of being thrice repetitious, I am going to recall some of the circumstances that led to the forming of the Shamrock A. C. (*Applause and cries of "Go ahead, Charley."*)

While still in our stripling 'teens, most of us were unfortunately obliged to leave school and contribute to the support of our families. But although we were denied the privilege of formal education, we were an eager race of youngsters, uncommonly set on reading and self-improvement. Room at home was scarce or non-existent; we could not enjoy, in the midst of bustling family life, the quiet retirement so necessary to reading and study. Nor did we have a place where we could meet our friends. Pool-rooms and barber-shops were our only havens, and thither we went to spend our leisure hours in pleasant but idle intercourse. Under these circumstances, then, we were ready for any sort of proposal that should give us a meeting place of our own. Well, one evening while Martin Foley and I were standing on the corner of Salem Street, doing nothing in particular, who should come along but Peter Quinn, now Judge of the Circuit

Court, sitting here at my right hand.

"Charley," says Peter, "let's walk over to the Club."

"Sure," says I, catching onto the joke. "Lead the way."

So Peter Quinn led us over to MacSorley's barn, which stood then on the present site of the Central Fire Station, and we all climbed up the ladder into the loft. It was fairly well lighted by two paneless windows; the roof was a patchwork of old shingles, but since summer was coming on, we thought that no serious defect. There were some packing boxes lying around, and an old horse-hair sofa with three legs.

"Not so bad, not so bad Pete," I commented with mild approval.

"Not so bad! Why, you big harp, it couldn't be better. We can sweep it up a bit, bring in a lamp and some chairs, and rig up a combination gym, library and social parlor. Here now, grab this broom and get busy."

Under the spell of Peter Quinn's eloquence, we began to see the possibilities of the old loft. We fell to work that very evening; we swept and hammered that barn till it looked like a Dutch kitchen. Somewhere we collected a seventh-hand table and a few rickety chairs. I also remember hanging up a lithograph of Rose Coghlan the actress, because of a fancied resemblance to a school-days' sweetheart of mine. We had no library; this was to come later when the Judge began to study law and I was making my first acquaintance with construction engineering under the tutorship of Michael Durgin, may God rest his Irish soul. We also hung up a trapeze and nailed together some sort of parallel

bars that broke down the second time we used them and have never been assembled since.

Then we sat down, and like the serious-minded young men we were, elected Peter Quinn president, myself treasurer, and Martin Foley secretary. We also drew up a constitution and by-laws. We did the job so well, and adhered so piously to the original charter, that to-day those first boyish articles are the basis of the present constitution of the Shamrock A. C.

I think our first name was the Shamrock Athletic and Outing Club; but although we still enjoy an annual field-day at Cradock Park, we have dropped the "outing" section of our early title. Ah, those outings! Who can forget them?—the trolley rides to Lake Quannapowitt; the canoe and rowboat races; the baseball games; the round-dancing on Wakefield Common! Sometimes the married men would play the single men at baseball, always proving conclusively the superiority of the married state. After the dancing and games were over we would dip into the basket-lunches, huge market baskets crammed with corned beef, fancy briskets, cold chicken, apple pies and doughnuts. I think I remember a case or two of golden beer. (*Laughter.*) And after the picnic lunch, we would stroll with the only girl in the world through the pine groves skirting the lake. Many an Irish troth was plighted in those groves. Oh, the girls were never prettier nor their manners so womanly sweet as they were during those summer holidays of the "outing" Club.

Outings, however, were not the chief business of our lives. We all

had jobs that demanded ten grueling hours a day, and it was only after a full stint of labor that we met in the big loft on Salem Street. Without being snobbish, we tried to limit our number to those who were aiming at a profession or who were sincerely interested in self-education. Naturally we could not have roisterers in a room where half the members were studying law and engineering. Later on, we partitioned the loft into three sections; one for recreation, one for athletics and one for study. As money and members came in, we completely rebuilt MacSorley's barn. But the need of more commodious rooms became so acute that in 1910 we started a drive for a new home; and two years later we moved into our present quarters, than which—I say it without qualification—there is no finer in the State of Massachusetts. (*Prolonged applause; shouts of "Get hot, Charley."*)

Like all Americans of Irish parentage, we had a flair for politics, and inevitably the Shamrock A. C. began to be the center of Marton's political life. The Shamrock Governing Board was acknowledged to be the inner council of our local city government long before the memorable year of 1913; but in that year we elected our first mayor, George L. Farrell of sainted memory (*terrific demonstration*) and from that time forward, our candidate has never been beaten at the polls.

I now approach, and boldly too, that period when the political supremacy of the Shamrock A. C. was challenged by the hypocritical, hard-shell, West Side element of Marton, who make their money here and then sink it into tax-exempt out-of-town

securities. The history of that struggle is well known. The facts were broadcast in the non-partizan Marton "Recorder"; and *gross misstatements* of those facts were circulated by a miserable, short-lived journal called the "Compass," which was brought into existence solely to discredit two public servants who happened to be at the same time aldermen and Catholics. Charges of speculation and graft were leveled at the heads of Martin Foley and myself. Mr. Foley, as chairman of the Aldermanic Council, was accused of illegally granting city contracts to the Durgin-Boyle Construction Company, and I, as president of that company, was charged with submitting secret bids for city construction awards. The full testimony, taken at a time when the Grand Jury refused to indict either of us on such weakly predicated charges, is available to any one who wishes to sift the matter to the bottom. And the swift ballot of retribution overtook the false-alarmists of the anti-Shamrock party, when their left-handed Presbyterian candidate went down to overwhelming defeat in the subsequent municipal election. Martin Foley was swept in as mayor, and I was solidly returned to the Board of Aldermen. And this is the way an intelligent citizenry blasted the libels of a set of tax-jumping, herring-chokers from the West End. (*Intense excitement, shouts of "Hurrah for Boyle, Boyle for mayor," and so on.*)

I thank you gentlemen for your testimonials of confidence. And now let us turn to another page, the most glorious in the history of the Shamrock A. C. When the world spun round in the fierce maelstrom of war;

when it became necessary for the United States to unshackle the cannonry of Mars, in order that the doves of peace might wing again unharassed through the air—what was the response of the Shamrock A. C.? I point with fraternal pride to our service flag on which five golden stars glitter on a field of loyal blue. Each of those stars represents a life cut off in its flooding prime. James Halloran, Timothy Burke, Anthony Boyle, Charles Farrell and Dennis Delehanty! we take your names as in a litany of courage. On the bright roster of American patriotism no names shine more brilliantly than yours.

In conclusion, dear friends, let me point the way to new terrains of service and new vistas of hope. The work of the Shamrock A. C., so nobly carried on for a quarter of a century by loyal Irish-Americans, is only now beginning. There are new fires to be lighted from the old torches; a new parochial school must be built in this parish; a new meaning of liberalism must be spread abroad in the land. In piping times of peace let the sons of Irishmen work with the sons of Englishmen, Italians, Germans and Swedes for the everlasting glory and prosperity of America. And in time of war, which God grant may not be soon, let them acknowledge with the last ounce of blood and gold the sacred privileges and duties of American citizenship which are theirs to cherish and enjoy. (*Ovation.*)

As Told by Dr. Tom Brophy

I'll begin with the night before election. It was a strange, mad evening, and I remember it well.

There had been a vicious mud-slinging campaign all through November, with outdoor rallies and street-corner oratory by the long ton. Charley was the Shamrock candidate for mayor against the West Side Coalition. Bushwick was their man, and he had a pot of money behind him. You recall the issue: whether or not Marton should surrender her city charter and become a borough of Boston. Well, Charley was violently opposed to Marton's doing any such thing. He believed in Home Rule for the Home Town, and declared that the Bushwick gang was selling out for a measly three-dollar tax cut. He had been speaking in the open air all through November, larruping that West Side crowd over the rump with a big oratorical stick, until they were black and blue. You know Charley could certainly handle that big stick too. Well, about a week before election he came to me with a sore throat. "Give me a gargle, Tom," he says. "Gargle hell," says I, looking at his throat. "You've got laryngitis, and if you don't go to bed right away, it'll be something worse again." But no such thing; Charley wouldn't hear of bed. "And what'll Bushwick be doing while I'm draped in blankets?" he roared. "No, sir; I'll drive that A. P. A. off every street corner in Marton by out-shouting him on the opposite corner."

Charley was better than his word. He swung around the circle every night that week, speaking from the back of his car to nine or ten different crowds in the course of an evening. A torrent of conviction poured from his lips; he passionately believed that Marton should not merge her iden-

tity with Boston's—and he made others believe it too, all excepting the property-holding Bushwick element that stood to profit by the decreased tax-rate. Anyway, I saw his throat again a couple of days before election; it was raw, I tell you, raw—and he was running a fever of a hundred and one. "Charley," I begged, "as your old friend and physician, I'm asking you to go to bed and stay there till after election." Did he go to bed? He did not. He jumped into an open car and harangued election crowds till midnight. I think his system must have needed it—talking bareheaded all night to a cheering mob. It must have been pathological with him; I can't understand it otherwise.

But because I didn't want him to collapse in the middle of a speech, I went with him that last evening, and shivered for four hours in the back of a touring car while he quoted all sorts of historical flora and fauna to spike his arguments home. The November air was cruel; a dry snow was hanging off, ready to fall at any minute, and only the intense excitement of a close election kept the people on the streets. Between speeches I tried to dose Charley with a pint of whisky; but no, he'd never drunk whisky, he said—he'd promised his mother he wouldn't, and he wasn't going to begin now. Stubborn, Charley was; and he was getting stubborn as he got older.

We got along somehow till eleven o'clock, and Charley was pumping deep into his reserve energy, which was waning fast. A big crowd was waiting for us in Linden Square—red lights, brass band, everything. As Charley rose to greet the stinking

rabble he took a bad chill; he got so cold his teeth rattled. He was blue under that arc-light, I tell you. He stumbled through his speech, fighting every word of the way, and finally sank into the seat beside me, sweating now, and almost exhausted. The band was pounding away and every one was yelling, "Boyle for Mayor," "We want Charley," "Home Rule and Charley Boyle." Charley kept taking his hat off and waving it, just as though he were drunk. "For God's sake, Charley," I said, "let's get home or you'll be a corpse." "Not yet, Tom," he gritted. "I've got that last midnight rally at Cradock Park. Debate with Bushwick. The crowd's expecting me. I can last, Doc. After that I promise you I'll go home and stay in bed."

The crowd kept on shouting, "We want Charley," and I was just about to give Jake the chauffeur the signal to step on it, when a scraggly little girl with eyes like stove-lids slides up to the car and slips a piece of paper into Charley's hand. "I've been looking for you all over," she said. Now Charley likes kids, having none of his own, so he took the paper and started to read it. A first flake of snow fell on his sleeve, but his face went whiter than the snowflake. No, it wasn't white; it was the gray-blue of fatal fear. It was—it was awful.

He shook the little girl by the shoulder. "Where is she now?"

"Down on Bow Street. That's where we live."

"Hear that, Tom; hey, Jake," babbled Charley, "I've got to get down to Bow Street. Here girly, hop in and show us the way. Jake, never mind the Cradock rally; do what I

tell you. Get down to Bow Street, man; get down to Bow Street."

"Are you sure it isn't a plant, Charley?" I put in. "They'd give a lot to frame you, remember?"

"It's no plant, Tom. It's something I've been looking for and wondering about, for twenty years; something I thought would never happen again." He was shivering with a cold that never rose out of the earth. Great snowflakes were flattening themselves against our clothes as the car slid down a murky street parallel to the railroad tracks.

"Here's the place," said the child.

We got out and followed the kid up three flights of rickety back stairs. Charley kept saying, "Oh my God, why didn't I know, why didn't I know," till finally the kid pushed open the door of the miserablest human habitation I've ever seen. There wasn't a stick of furniture in the place, and snow was sifting in through a dozen cracks in the roof and walls. On the floor at one end of the room, a woman was lying, covered by a bit of old carpet with a cardboard suitcase as a pillow. Charley ran to her, dropped to his knees and gathered her up into his arms.

"Where've you been?" he asked. It was almost a reproach.

"All around. Everywhere." Ultimate fatigue lay on the woman's mouth. "He—he was working in Maine . . . the mills closed . . . so . . . he went away . . . I haven't seen him . . . oh, Charley, dear one . . . then I came back here—"

"Why didn't you come to see me?"

"I couldn't; I didn't want to bother you, Charley. But I won't

bother you long now, dearest. Where's my little Helen? She said she'd bring you. . . . You'll take me to Quannapowitt, won't you Charley?"

"Doc," said the Hon. Charles A. Boyle, "we've got to get food and warmth into this woman, and no delay. You examine her and see if you can do anything for her, while I run down and tell Jake to get some eggs and milk." He leapt for the stairs, and I could hear him shouting at the chauffeur. Meanwhile I examined the woman. She was in the last dread swamp of tuberculosis. Her heart was weak and high, and I doubted if she would live through the night. I gave her a sip of whisky, the only thing I had at hand, and tried to arrange her more comfortably on the floor.

Charley was back in a minute, kneeling beside the bit of carpet. He took off his fur coat and wrapped it around the woman, pushing me violently aside.

"Let me take care of her, Charley," I pleaded, "while you run up to Cradock Park for a last shot at Bushwick. If you aren't on deck, the people will think you're quitting."

"Damn the people; may they all rot in hell for making a miserable quitter out of me long ago. Quit? *Quit?*"—Charley began to laugh hysterically—"why, I quit twenty years ago; laid down like a sick house-cat. And I've been orating about duty and fidelity and citizenship ever since, banging on a big hollow drum of misery, just to drown out the pleadings of one gentle voice. Can't we do anything for her?"

I shook my head. Then I faded into the back of the room, leaving

Charley alone beside the woman who could not take her eyes from his face. In a few minutes Jake was back with some eggs and milk.

"Mr. Boyle," he reported, "Bushwick's calling you a big grafter in Cradock Park."

But Charley did not hear. He was mixing some whisky with the eggs and milk; he held it to the woman's mouth. She drank part of it and lay down quietly. "It's good," she said. "Give some to my little Helen." The kid gulped at the glass that Charley offered her. For the first time, the woman smiled, and I remember thinking how pretty she must have been.

Then her breathing began to get heavy, as though she were pulling it

out of a deep well. I felt her pulse; it was barely flickering. Her eyes were open and still fixed on Charley, but she could not speak.

"She's going, Charley," I said. "Let me get a priest."

"No," said Charley, "she's not a Catholic. She doesn't need any of your god-damned priests."

He threw himself sobbing at her feet, and when she died an hour later he was a bonfire of delirium and fever.

The next day the Hon. Charles A. Boyle was elected mayor by a plurality of eight thousand. It was a great victory for the Home-Rulers.

And two days later Charley Boyle died under the merciless hammering of a million pneumonia bugs pounding at his heart and brain.

THE MAGNIFICENT UNIVERSE

An Impression of the New Ideas in the Light of Recent Investigations

EDWIN B. FROST

THE first quarter of the century has been a golden age in the progress of science. While it is difficult to assess correctly the significance of recent discoveries, we readily note the great expansion of our conception of the universe. The enlargement of our views has been in two directions, toward the immensely great and toward the extremely small.

There has been an odd parallelism along these lines of research. The physicist and the chemist have sought to apply to the electrons circulating about their central nuclei, like the planets around the sun, the laws formulated by Newton and his successors for the motions and perturbations of the planets in our solar system. The astronomer in turn looked to the rapidly developing theories of atomic structure for an explanation of many stellar secrets. The stars, too, have been made to serve as laboratories for testing matter under conditions of temperature and pressure and density that cannot be produced in terrestrial experiments.

A new method in research has been applied so effectively during recent years that it may almost characterize the times—it is that of correlation. It is used where distances and di-

mensions transcend all possibility of direct measurement by the processes of trigonometry. New ways of estimating these characteristics have been found which may not be exact for any individual object, but will be sufficiently approximate in the average for a great many objects. We may thus secure quite definite ideas of the distances, luminosities and other qualities of the stars for which exact knowledge seemed hopeless.

At the beginning of the century, we sometimes estimated the distances of some celestial bodies—stars, clusters and nebulae—in terms of a thousand light-years. We may now speak with confidence of spans comprising millions of light-years. The light-year is the distance light travels freely in space in one year, proceeding uniformly with the enormous speed of eleven million miles a minute. One light-year is nearly six million million miles, and the nearest star is slightly over four light-years distant, or twenty-five million million miles.

Thus we have had to adjust our focus on the universe. The heavens have appeared to recede, but there has hardly been time for the new conceptions as to distances, sizes and numbers of the celestial hosts to be generally appreciated.

In a brief article, it is impossible even to enumerate the most significant astronomical discoveries. We shall try merely to give an impression of the new ideas of the magnificence of the universe in the light of recent investigations.

The most important aid in the acquisition of astronomical knowledge during this period has been the more extended application of photography to nearly all branches of the subject. The photographic plate does not forget; it records impartially the messages brought to it by the myriad vibrations of light. While the eye tires with continued scrutiny of faint objects, the sensitive film keeps on accumulating the impression as long as the plate is exposed. The plate can be measured and re-measured in the laboratory under conditions far more conducive to precision than if the measures were made by the eye at the telescope with the observer in strained postures and often under exposure to extreme heat or cold. A plate obtained with a suitable telescope and under the best atmospheric conditions may bear the imprint of five hundred thousand stellar images. To measure them may require many months or years; or in some cases, the negatives may be stored for use by the astronomers of a generation or a century hence, to serve as a foundation for their search for change and discovery of law.

The great work of charting the heavens by photography was begun about 1890, perhaps a little prematurely, with the participation of a score of observatories (none of them in our country). More than four thousand sheets of the charts and

about one hundred volumes of the catalogues of the exact positions of the stars have already been published. It would seem that the task may be completed, or very nearly so, in another decade, or about half a century after its inception.

Photographs made with appropriate telescopes, some comparatively small, some very large, have revealed the extraordinary details of the Milky Way and the clouds of stars which form it, and have brought to light several hundred thousand nebulae, and have disclosed their varied forms. The use of photography with large refracting telescopes gave the base-lines for the new knowledge of distances in the stellar system. In 1900 we knew the distances of hardly more than thirty stars; now the new method has been applied to over two thousand.

A great extension to our knowledge of distances came from the discovery by Adams and his associates at the Mount Wilson Observatory, of a correlation between the relative intensities of certain dark lines in the spectra of stars and their distances as determined by the photographic-trigonometric method. This made it possible to derive the distances of stars by the use of great numbers of photographs of stellar spectra, although these had been taken primarily to study the chemistry of the stars and for measuring their speed in the line of sight. This has given us the order of distance of large numbers of stars, many of them too remote for the trigonometric determination of distance.

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A further method of estimating the distances of the remotest objects

was developed from another and very different correlation, discovered in 1912 by Miss Henrietta S. Leavitt, who for many years was engaged in measuring the brightness of the stars on the vast store of photographs at the Harvard Observatory. To explain this, we must state that constancy of light is by no means an assured attribute of a star; in fact, more than six thousand stars have already been catalogued as variable in brightness. These are classified in several groups according to the nature of their variation. A number, for instance, are steady in their light for a considerable time, declining for some hours or days and then returning to their normal brightness. Such stars are undoubtedly eclipsed. Others, normally faint, rise for a time and then fade again.

The stars of one of these groups of variables are known as Cepheids, because the brightest example is in the constellation of Cepheus. These never have an interval of constant light but rise and fall intermittently in periods which range for the different stars from a few hours to many days. Studying a large number of these Cepheids which she had found involved in the great nebulous Magellanic Clouds of the southern heavens, Miss Leavitt observed that their brightness varied with the length of their period. A Cepheid which went through its cycle of changes in a short time was much fainter than one which varied slowly.

We may perhaps illustrate this by an analogy. We can imagine that large (very bright) fireflies may be able to shine for a longer period than small fireflies before they need to rest and thus replenish their lumi-

nous energy. Hence, by watching or counting the number of seconds that such a firefly could shine without resting, we could get a measure of his actual size. He might appear very faint because he was far away across the meadow, but the law of inverse squares could readily be applied, and distance inferred.

Shapley further extended this method in his study of globular star clusters, in some of which large numbers of variable stars had been found. The scale of distance had to be based upon that of the Cepheids nearest the sun, but as these distances were more accurately determined, it was concluded with a tolerable degree of precision that some of these clusters were as near as twenty thousand light years, and others as far as two hundred thousand.



We must also adjust our ideas to the new estimates of the number of stars in our own stellar system. About ten years ago, an estimate based on counts of the stars on a photographic chart of the heavens, placed the number at fifteen hundred million. We are now obliged to increase this number thirtyfold—to more than forty billion. To reach this estimate, photographs are taken of small sample areas well distributed over the sky. Counts are made of the number of stars of each separate magnitude, from the bright stars down to the faintest that can be seen on the plate, stars of the twenty-first magnitude. (This is the limit for the most powerful telescope yet constructed; and we may add that a star of the twenty-first magnitude has one hundredth of a millionth of the brightness of an average star of

the first magnitude.) A formula can then be derived expressing the relationship thus found between numbers and brightness. Then *if*, and it is a big *if*, the formula holds true for the stars beyond the reach of our telescopes, the whole number of stars to the faintest imaginable magnitude can be mathematically computed.

An idea of this stellar opulence may be gained by holding a dime at arm's length directed toward the central line of the Milky Way, when the coin will cover nearly fifteen million stars. Although the coin would hide fewer stars as we turn away from the galaxy, the number still remains far beyond the possibility of our conception.

Furthermore we must reckon with the non-luminous stars, those which have either not yet risen to a degree of brightness to make them luminous, or those which have declined from an earlier brilliance and have perhaps suffered complete extinction as shining bodies. It is by the vastly increased power given to the telescope by attaching to it the photographic spectroscope that the existence of many of these dark stars has been disclosed. If a bright star is found spectroscopically to be oscillating back and forth with respect to the observer, now approaching, now receding at intervals as short as a few days or even a few hours, then we know that this bright star must really be whirling about a center of gravity lying between it and a dark companion. The dark or invisible companion, of course, revolves in a precisely similar orbit about the same center of gravity, and each of them moves with the

speed necessary to keep them from falling together. We have found that nearly three out of four of the helium stars have such companions, not necessarily dark but generally very much fainter than the bright star and detectable in only one other way, as follows. It will at once occur to the reader that if the plane in which these partners execute their dance is directed toward us, there ought to be an eclipse, partial or total, when the darker body comes between us and the brighter one. Many such eclipsing binaries have been thoroughly investigated in recent years, and the varying obscuration they produce has enabled us to confirm very fully the spectrographic observations.

These eclipsing systems also give us a clew as to the size and mass of the partners. Their dimensions are somewhat the same as that of our sun, which has a diameter of about 865,000 miles, and a mass (or amount of matter) 330,000 times that of the earth.

Some one will doubtless surmise that these faint or dark companions are the planets which circle about the stars, even as the planets of our solar system make their circuits about the sun. The answer is "No," because in our solar system even the giant planet Jupiter has a mass less than one thousandth that of the sun, while these spectroscopic companions generally have about the same mass as their primaries. If the mass of such a companion were but one hundredth that of its bright partner, it could hardly produce an oscillation of the bright star that could be detected in the most refined spectroscopic measurements.

While the amount of substance of the ordinary star is found to be not greatly different from that of the sun (usually ranging from one tenth to ten times the sun's mass), the sizes of the stars may differ enormously. When the distance and luminosity, the spectral type and the temperature, of some of the nearer stars became known with some degree of certainty, inferences could be made as to their actual dimensions. On plausible assumptions, this has been done for many stars during the last ten years.

The direct measurement of stellar diameters, however, has been achieved through the revival by Prof. A. A. Michelson of a method, which he had proposed thirty years before, based upon the interference of light-waves. The test was made with mirrors eighteen feet apart attached to the great 100-inch reflector at Mount Wilson. The familiar star Betelgeuse, in the constellation Orion, was thus found to have a diameter nearly three hundred times that of our sun. Its circumference is far larger than the orbit of the earth, and its volume nearly thirty million times that of the sun.

The brilliant red star Antares, which adorns the constellation of Scorpius in summer evenings, was found to be still larger, its volume proving to be some forty million times that of the sun. The density of such a giant star as Antares is extraordinarily low, probably far less than the so-called vacuum within the bulb of an incandescent lamp.

According to the theory of giant and dwarf stars, developed in recent years by E. Herzprung and by H. N. Russell, these red stars are at the

beginning of their stellar career. It is supposed that they will gradually contract in their dimensions, rising in effective temperature and passing through the stages of yellow and white stars to that of blue stars of the helium type at the height of their career, thence declining through the white and yellow stages of existence until they finally become dwarf red stars as their luminous course is run and they are faced with extinction.

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We may not neglect the scale of time when we are considering the new ideas of celestial distances. Must it not increase to correspond with these other dimensions? This is indeed true, as may be indicated by the new view as to the probable radiant duration of a small star like our sun. Very recently astronomers have come to accept a new theory of its life-history. It was proposed by Einstein in a brief paper in 1905, in which he showed as a consequence of his special theory of relativity, that the continued radiation of the sun's heat must be accompanied by a loss of its substance. At the time when Helmholtz and Kelvin were studying this subject (1854-78), the former had developed the view that the sun's own contraction by a few hundred feet per year would be enough to support life on the earth, without much change, for some twenty or thirty million years. In those days that seemed a long and sufficient time; but since then, researches in many branches of geology have shown that the lifetime of a planet like ours must be reckoned in thousands of millions of years, so that the solar energy due to con-

traction is quite inadequate. Enormous amounts of energy stored in the atoms and released when the electron and the proton unite in mutual suicide are sufficient to produce all the heat which the sun radiates for a million millenniums. Some of the stars are radiating their substance at a rate even ten thousand times as fast as is our own luminary.

Since the earth intercepts less than half a billionth of the radiation streaming from the sun, we can readily calculate that only about four pounds of the substance of the sun needs to be destroyed as such to supply all the radiation received by the earth in a second. The small amount of 170 tons of solar matter thus spent vicariously for the earth would supply our planet for a day! Commenting on the vast amount of energy within the atom, Dr. Aston, the English physicist, remarked that the energy in a glass of water would be sufficient to drive the *Mauretania* at full speed twice across the Atlantic.

Is it not a rather pretty notion that the tree or plant actually gets an essential part of its substance, supplementary to that received from the soil, the water and the air, from the very matter of the sun itself, transmitted without appreciable loss by the radiant vibrations pulsing at the rate of about four hundred million million times per second? This is indeed an extension of the doctrine of the conservation of matter, but it appears sound and adequate.

We must consider a little more closely what we mean by our galaxy or Milky Way. It comprises all of the stars except those in the globular star clusters and in the spiral nebulæ.

The nearest clusters may possibly be within the limits of the galaxy and the farthest clusters beyond it.

The shape of our stellar system is something like that of a watch, with its diameter perhaps ten times its thickness. Unfortunately, we are still uncertain whether this diameter is thirty thousand light-years or ten times that number. The irregular shape of the shimmering stream of the Milky Way suggested that it might itself be a spiral. Our sun is not centrally located but is probably several thousand light-years distant from the center, which is not marked by any special concentration of stars.

Immediately around our sun are the nearby stars. Slightly more than one hundred of them would be included in a sphere sixty-five light-years in diameter with our sun at the center. Many, if not most of the brighter stars of the familiar constellations, are well within a thousand light-years from our sun, but as we go out into the vaster spaces of the Milky Way, the number of stars increases greatly, although there is no reason to think that they are any closer together than are the stars in our vicinity.

As we have said, the whole number of stars in our system has been estimated at more than forty thousand million. This gives a rough idea of the possible population of suns in our galaxy. In addition to these, there are vast numbers of non-luminous stars, numerous gaseous nebulæ and great volumes of dark or very faintly luminous diffused nebulæ. Such nebulæ are entirely different from those of spiral or spheroidal shape, which may be considered to be other galaxies like our own.

Wholly beyond our galaxy lie these spiral and spheroidal systems of stars, which are in many respects the most interesting objects of the firmament; but it remained for photography to bring out their true character. It is probable that more than a million such objects are within the ken of modern photographic telescopes. For reasons not yet understood, spiral nebulae are not seen in the direction of the Milky Way, but are more numerous in the parts of the sky farthest from the galaxy. They vary greatly in size. The nebula of Andromeda has a diameter of two degrees, and is faintly visible to the eye as a little patch of fuzzy light.

The spiral structure of this nebula was not clearly recognized until the first good photographs of it were secured about thirty-five years ago. Speculations as to its distance have been rife since that time, and evidence has been growing during the last decade to convince many an astronomer that its distance must be at least several hundred thousand light-years. It has now been demonstrated by the painstaking work of Hubble that this nebula is at a distance of more than nine hundred thousand light-years. A careful study of 130 photographs of the nebula, taken with the great reflectors at Mount Wilson, enabled him to find more than thirty of the Cepheid variables. After he had determined the periods of a dozen of these, it was evident that these winking stars must be actually of great luminosity and therefore their excessive faintness was due solely to their enormous distance. Accordant results were given by the different

Cepheids, so that a satisfactory degree of certainty is substituted for speculation as to the remoteness of this nebula. It is, nevertheless, probably one of the nearest of its class.

A search by Hubble, in the wonderful spiral in Triangulum just beyond visibility of the ordinary eye, has been so successful in disclosing enough of the telltale Cepheids as to prove that the distance of this nebula is also about nine hundred thousand light-years. A small nebulous mass, resembling the Magellanic Clouds except for its faintness, has similarly been found to be at a distance of seven hundred thousand light-years—a sort of stepping-stone on the way out to the spirals.

A spiral may appear small either because it is very remote or because it is actually of small dimensions. On the average of large numbers of them, however, it is safe to infer the distance from the small apparent size. There are many spirals which are barely detectable on the photographic plate, and appear less than a thousandth as large as the nebula of Andromeda. Accordingly, we may conservatively estimate that there are many celestial objects of this class at distances as great as a thousand million light-years. The extraordinary dimensions thus reached are strongly impressive even to the hardened astronomer, for they imply a universe out of all bounds of earlier imagination.

o-o

We must next consider the nature and size of these remarkable objects. It is a matter of mere geometry that an object subtending two degrees in diameter must have an actual diame-

ter of nearly one thirtieth of its distance. Thus the nebula of Andromeda must have a span of over thirty thousand light-years. This is about the size which, until recently, was the accepted estimate of the diameter of our whole Milky Way.

The spectroscope has been applied to the study of the nature of the spiral nebulae. It testifies that they are not gaseous masses, but that their light is the same as that which would be given by a gigantic cluster of stars so far away that the individual members could not be separately distinguished. In fact, in his latest photographs taken with the 100-inch reflector, Hubble has succeeded in resolving some parts of the nebulae of Andromeda and Triangulum into extremely minute separate stars.

It has further been found spectroscopically that the spirals, besides whirling rapidly, move with extraordinary velocities in the line of sight. For example, the nebula in Andromeda is shown to be approaching at a speed of nearly two hundred miles per second, while some others have a speed more than four times as great. Most of the forty-three spirals, whose speed has thus far been determined, are receding from our stellar system, while the majority of clusters, *per contra* are approaching. It has recently been computed from the motions of these spirals that our own galaxy itself is moving through space with a similar tremendous velocity, roughly 250 miles per second.

This is another strong argument to show that the stellar system of our Milky Way is itself a spiral nebula. There are many technical reasons supporting this view which Hum-

boldt named the "Theory of the Island Universe." This theory had previously been suggested by Sir William Herschel as a result of his pioneer studies of the structure of the universe.

It may appear that a universe built up of an indefinite series of galaxies should be regarded as infinite. Some cosmogonists postulate this, but others are more inclined to consider the bounds and substance of the cosmos as finite. The distinction between infinite and indefinitely great is not of practical significance.



In recent years, time has come to be regarded as a dimension of equal significance with the dimensions of space, as emphasized by the philosophy of Einstein. We have shown that the life-history of a star like our sun must extend over reaches of time reckoned in billions of years. It is plain that the evolution of a stellar system, a galaxy, must proceed through æons quite beyond our power of expression.

It is interesting to note also that we can never form a picture of the universe as it exists at any one moment. We see the near stars as they were a few hundred years ago, the globular star-clusters as they existed many thousands of years ago, and in the stellar systems of the spirals our only view of them can be as they were in the misty past of millions of years. We observe, however, great resemblance between those systems which are relatively near and those which are extremely remote. Hence we conclude again that their development is extraordinarily slow, and that the period of rise and decline for these great

organisms of the universe must approximate infinity.

New conceptions of a tremendous universe may come to thoughtful persons of to-day, as the discoveries of the hardy voyagers of the fifteenth century came to the European people of that time. These conceptions are the rightful intellectual possessions of the men and women of to-day. We are a part of this splendid universe, though living on a minute planet sustained by the radiant energy of a petty sun. Our very bodies are made of the same chemical elements found in the most distant stars. Whether we will or not, we are

part of the vast cosmos. Despite our lowly place in it, we may be proud that we share fully in its quality. It is true that science can discern no physical effect upon our sun and earth due to these distant stars or galaxies, although there must be at long intervals cases of a close approach of celestial objects with possible violent disturbances. Our only contact with the external systems is through the intellect, but the more we come to think in terms of the universe, the more shall we be disposed to act in such terms. This surely can be only beneficial in the human affairs on our planet.

REMEMBRANCE

MARION NOSSE

Fairer you seemed to me
Than silence,
Lovelier than gentle dawn,
Stronger than memory
Of violence,
Tender, with an unsung song.
Nearer you seemed to me
Than dreaming . . .

Now I must grieve
A whole life long.

FRUIT TRAMPS

Packers and Cannerymen, They Follow the Perishable Product as It Ripens

PERCY WALTON WHITAKER

MICKEY and I are genuine fruit tramps, and are considered good ones, that is, fast workers. She is what is sometimes described as my better half, a point cheerfully conceded. She acquired her nickname in the first orange house we worked in, a free bestowal from brother and sister tramps, probably derived from a popular song, which rang through the fruit latitudes that season. The name stuck, for we are of a roaming tribe, always moving, crossing and recrossing an ever-spreading circle of acquaintance. So Mickey it was and still is, across thirty degrees of latitude, reaching from the great valleys of the Colorado basin, to the northern fringe of the apple belt three hundred miles beyond the Columbia River.

Like other people we have relatives. Most of them quarrel with us about our mode of life. Some of the worst, or most respectable, say that we have no mode, and are little better than tramps—to which we pridefully retort, that we are fruit tramps and make twenty dollars a day, often more, which is doing better than most tramps, or the majority of our critics. So that is that, as the proverb puts it.

I am too old to take up a pro-

fession; also I contend that we fruit tramps have a profession. This label of our trade is open to itemized proof—the mere mention of some of the exacting requirements will be sufficient. One must know the varied pack of oranges, the number of a given size which go into a box, and whether to begin the rows alternating— 4×3 , 3×3 , 4×4 , 3×2 and so on. This little mathematical problem is merely the prelude preceding neatness in wrapping, accuracy in placing, speed, and still more speed, for eight long hours, trying each minute to work faster than the minute before—for without swift movement and action, the game is not worth the candle, or the professor the profession.

To give more items of skill: it is necessary to have a good working knowledge of tomatoes, lettuce, cantaloups, plums, pears, apples and grapes, including the various packs, sizes, boxes and receptacles into which this assortment goes. With this include dexterity, adaptability, memory, neatness and all-round proficiency, backed up by the indispensable speed. If you have all this it's a good business. I have seen a fast tomato packer or cantaloup cracker earn thirty dollars in a day, and average twenty.

Skill in all these things is not taken for granted, but must be demonstrated under the watchful eye of a super fruit tramp, the foreman; and he is a postgraduate, and not to be fooled. Very often he is a first-class business man in his own right, given to taking large packing operations by contract, when he sees a chance to make money. But he's good—he's *got* to be. Every foreman has a reputation to make or keep, for his present and future depend on good work. A bad pack means a bad price, and in that case, he would be out of a job forever in that locality—which is a long time.

Some houses hire "foreladies" to watch the girls' output, for it is all done at piecework speed, which is an appalling swiftness of hand and eye combined. In the final summing up, the pack, good or bad, is the foreman's pack. It is up to him to get it done and done right, and excuses do not excuse when the lids are nailed, or the cans are sealed.

Mickey and I began our year with the olives, in a large plant that had been built piece by piece as the business grew. It was a huge rambling structure, filled with rows of concrete vats, eleven hundred of them in the pickling room, each vat designed to hold about half a ton of olives.

In the grading room stood three complicated machines, which by means of rubber rollers grade the olives into sizes. Very important machines are these, for the olives are weighed and priced after the grading is finished. If the price for large olives is one hundred dollars per ton, extra large ones, the next

size, may be worth sixty dollars more, with a corresponding but less marked difference between the smaller sizes.

At each of the graders, seated on stools, were six chattering young girls, two at each spout, watching for the soft olives which must later be made into oil, and also diverting into different boxes the green and ripe olives, which perversely refuse to take the same pickling brine, and must be processed separately. From the graders the olives were dumped into vats, for a soaking in water, lye and salt brine at different periods, a rotation of five to six weeks. When the pickling was completed, the olives were trundled into a huge kitchen, and cooked in live steam at a temperature of 240 degrees. In this place fifty girls canned them as fast as they could, after which the cans traveled down the belts through an automatic lidding machine. After the cooling room the product was ready for the shipping warehouse. A sidelight on this market is, that more than sixty per cent of the olives so prepared are consumed in the State in which they are grown. What a potential market if everybody could be made to eat olives!

This kind of work is really outside the sphere of the real fruit tramp, but we had bought our car on credit, the orange crop had failed and the finance company wanted its money. We waived dignity and stayed five months—which paid for the car. Mickey explained it in this way: "The car instalment plan seems blessed when you are on foot, but holds concealed satanic retributions in the shape of everlasting monthly payments." Especially sa-

tanic seemed the fact that if we were three days late in sending the instalment, they invariably sent a bill for one dollar extra, always pointing out that our voluminous and impossible to understand contract bountifully provided for the "same." We took their word for it and paid. As the senior fruit tramp of the factory remarked, "All you gotter do, is what they tell you, for at the end they'll hold that little pink ownership slip, 'til you come through with the extras. Next time, you'll pay cash. See that old boat of mine; well I only give thirty dollars for it, and it runs good and takes me where I want to go, even if you can hear me coming for three miles."

Spring was in the air by the time the last vat of olives was put in the cans. The car payments had come to an end, bringing one last fine of a dollar, and a great feeling of freedom. Our tires were new, and the meadow-larks sang blithely in the fields. The little motor purred as smoothly as a contented cat, and the open road, shining like an endless streak of white silk, beckoned alluringly. There's an adventurous charm about starting out for parts unknown; you don't know where you're going, but you're on your way. It's a great feeling. Robert Louis Stevenson and all the other simon-pure tramps felt that way about the open road. But there was work ahead and we met a man who knew all about it.

Two hundred miles away, the lettuce men were sending out frantic calls for help. The crop had matured before the Colorado basin sheds had disgorged their hands, workers who knew the game. They wanted

girls to trim, men to pack, truck, rustle, break ice and load cars, and they wanted them badly and right away. Our informer drew a vivid picture of countless acres of succulent lettuce, shimmering crisply green under a moderate sun. If the weather held good there would be big money for all the crew. But the weather is vital, for lettuce is a jealous crop to handle. With cool dry weather it stays put for weeks, but let the showery days come, with a hot sun steaming the fields, and the dreaded "slime" appears, which will destroy crops worth five hundred an acre in the proverbial jig-time.

RS

We started for the lettuce, rolling gaily northward across three degrees of latitude; we arrived at the long low-lying sheds the day the work began, and were engaged as trimmer and rustler by the car-load unit of payment. Our crew, all partners, consisted of eight girls (trimmers), four packers, a man to line the crates with paper, one iceman, who with a trident shaves into pieces the four hundred pound blocks of ice, one car-loader, one trucker and a ladder. Every time the refrigerator doors were fastened and sealed on a car-load, each of us had earned three dollars and a half.

An ordinary car holds three hundred and sixty crates of lettuce, and we have loaded one in two hours, which is not a record but still is called good time. The trimmers cut off a thin piece of the root, just enough to drop off the dirty outside leaves, and they do it as fast as they can, throwing the heads to the packer in front of them. It takes two trimmers to keep a packer going,

and if his trimmers are slow, he is apt to break out into a monologue, "Oho, how many crates you got, Whitey? A hundred? I'm twenty behind and no chance to catch up. Come on, barbers, shear those heads faster, and you can have all my money."

"Shut up, Red, if you'd stop lighting so many cigarettes, you'd keep up better," retorts a trimmer, and Red grins.

The packer puts one tier of lettuce at the bottom of the crate, then a shovelful of ice, three more tiers and more ice; then the paper is lapped across the top, the lid nailed on, and the crate moves down the rollers into the car. About eighteen hundred pounds of chunk ice is placed on top of the crates in the car, to drip through to the heads on the long trip east.

There are two crews working in this shed and they race eternally to see who gets a car first. The trimmers trim frantically, the packers snatch with both hands, and the lidder beats a perfect tattoo with his swift hammer. The inspector comes along and announces that we are twenty crates ahead. The other crew hears of this and sprints desperately, and both cars are sealed within a minute, but if one wins by a crate, jubilant shouts announce the fact—it's a win just the same.

The first day each crew turned out three cars, ten and a half dollars for each person. When things worked well, with no waits for ice or lettuce, we did four; and one big day of fifteen hours, it was five cars, or seventeen fifty for each worker. Not easy money though for the pace was terrific. The girls' wrists would

swell up, and while changing cars, liniment and tape bandages were much in evidence. That day we finished dog tired, but all hands happy at the big money.

For two weeks the lettuce crates were filled at a furious rate, and then the dreaded showers came, with intervals of hot sunshine. The destroying slime developed so rapidly that more heads were thrown into the dump wagon than into the crates. There was great hauling of buyers, shippers and inspectors out to the fields—which availed nothing, weather being more powerful than business combinations. After two poor days, with one car for each crew, the season ended abruptly. There would be no shipments for six months—then the winter lettuce would come in.

In this business much money is at stake, and it is won or lost quickly.

One grower gamely refused twenty thousand dollars for a fine crop of one hundred acres, saying he would win all the profit or nothing. The "slime" got it. He plowed it under, but one week's favorable weather would have netted him forty thousand for the field. He was game though, for he borrowed money, sowed beans, and cleared eleven thousand on the year.

After the "slime" tragedy had cleaned out most of the lettuce men, we rolled away for a hundred miles into a secluded orange valley, where we found three weeks' work packing Valencias and other late varieties. This is legitimate fruit-tramp work, but it is passing. Conditions change, and orange packing is not what it used to be. The fruit exchanges dribble off the crop to suit the mar-

ket. The market breaks badly and they close down for ten days; that is, probably half the houses close, for they can't let the independents monopolize even a poor market—it might suddenly pick up. While we don't blame them, laying off never made a fruit tramp rich. We like things fast and steady.

Mickey is a good packer and throws oranges into artistically designed wrappers with a skill and finesse that yields about ten dollars a day, which some artists would consider fair union wages. Yet packing is not all easy money and nothing said. There's always a rift within the sweetest lute if you listen closely for it. When it comes it interrupts the flow of golden fruit into the boxes. The pressman, who nails on lids with a truly ferocious dexterity calls out—and he has such a raucous voice, that fellow, popular as the morning bugler in the army, blowing the doughboys out of bed—"You're getting your pack too high again, number Fifteen; the juice fairly squeezed out of that last one." And he sets the imperfect box off the rolls, which means that it will not be credited to Fifteen until it is repacked.

"How do you get that way! Where I packed last year, they had a press kicker that knew how. The idea!" He grins appreciation of this retort, for Fifteen is eighteen, and looks ripe for the front row of a Broadway beauty chorus. The pressman has hopes of taking her to the Saturday night dance, but duty calls. Above all else this man is a speedster; he has to be, or he would get buried under a stream of Titian gamboge boxes which roll relentlessly toward him.

He knows his business and is only obeying orders, for one squeezed orange may ruin a box; many of them would ruin a pack, and the pack has to be good to get the top price. The average packer will not have more than two a week set out, but he doesn't like even that.

Up the line of overflowing bins the packers progress steadily all day, changing, in turn, to the larger sizes every hour, for the automatic grader regulates the glowing fruit into the proper sizes for the pack of each separate compartment. When the hour is finished at the largest size, the packer begins at the small bin again.

The Valencia season soon passed into the by-gones, and we had added several hundred dollars more to the treasury, and were again keen for the open road. The car glistened like new after a thorough washing, all points were greased and oiled, and two spare tires made ready.

We were off again, rolling another six degrees of latitude behind us before we stopped for work. The peach crop came next, for the cherries are largely handled by the Orientals, and do not count in the big money. There was peach-thinning however, and we took a chance at that, though it also is distinctly a side-line with fruit tramps. This was necessary, for several weeks must pass before the canning-peaches would be ready.

In some places, trees, like men, suffer from overweening ambition. The peach-tree is a shocking example. It blossoms and starts forty times the amount of fruit it can well carry. This must be thinned or broken trees and worthless peaches

will desolate the grower's hopes of profit. We took a contract to thin for forty cents a tree, and earned our money fairly. We climbed to the top of ten and twelve foot ladders, tore off peaches with both hands, leaving them the correct distance apart. We stood on the tips of our toes like aerial ballet-dancers, reaching and sometimes jumping for the unreachable ones, and many times the ladders bucked from under, leaving us clinging to a limb vainly kicking in space, but the deep sandy soil made a safe cushion to break the fall.

Six o'clock in the morning always found us busy, for the cool hours are greatly prized when the May sun is gathering power to scorch and tan. Except for the sand it wasn't such bad work, but how can you be comfortable with both shoes full of gritty dust. Some one, however, has to do it, and it paid about ten dollars a day—not so bad for a filler-in job.

Saturdays were days of exceptional color, for then many high-school girls of the near towns worked, and the air was filled with giggles and shrieks and kicking hosiery when they and their ladders parted company. They don't like the drop, and will cling until some rescuer replaces the ladder. We were all glad when our last shower-bath had banished the dust of the peach-thinning forever; dust under your clothes is one thing to which you cannot become reconciled.

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After many days' vacation, delightful as they were, it was a great relief when we heard that our cannery was ready for work, although many fruit tramps take in the canning season under protest—for the men work

by the hour, only the girl cutters and canners doing piecework. However, Mickey developed into a fast cutter, making about six dollars in eight hours, and my checking job, punching the cards of the cutters for each box completed, paid about the same.

It is all hurry and bustle in the cannery. Everybody walks fast, talks fast and works faster, and the master noise is the eternal clanging of tin cans rolling up and down the little chutes. Cans by the hundred thousand move, slide, and roll apparently of their own volition. And they go to the exact spot they are wanted. A girl canner seizes seven cans, and an equal number roll down within reach, for gravity does the work.

At this particular factory three hundred girls and women cut and pitted the peaches, while a like number did the canning. All told some twenty buxom forewomen pleaded, scolded, threatened with threats that are never fulfilled, or coaxed the erring ones to do better work. Everybody smiled, laughed, and hurried with the work.

Unbelievable quantities of cut peaches, yellow as gold, slid along an unbelievable number of belts; white and golden unpeeled peaches were hustled by more belts up into the lye-room, to come down again with the skins removed, in shimmering cascades six feet wide. On every side were various mechanical devices, chutes, tubes and gravity slides, which distributed this sweet stream into the little porcelain vats in front of each canner. Each girl has about seven grades and colors to put up in different cans, no small job; but she develops a sureness and speed which

seems marvelous. A few top speeders make fourteen dollars in one day, but the average is four to seven.

When the weeks came in which the immense crop of peaches ripened too fast, we worked overtime, fourteen and sixteen hours a day, and it became a penance to get up in the morning. But the money compensated. The girls had day-dreams of beautiful new dresses—they buy them too—and countless hosiery of bright shimmering silk, and the men planned to trade-in the old car for a new shining fast one of a better make. But I think we all rejoiced when the season ended; we were willing to forgo all this money for less work.

When the cannery closed down, the real hejira began, for now the paths of the fruit tramps diverge widely. September has come and gone, and many of the canners go back to school. The fast apple packers leave for the apple belts in fast cars, fifteen dollar a day men can't afford to travel slow. Some of these will cross the wild Yakima, ten degrees of latitude north; others will journey far up the Columbia traversing two States, to secret destinations where only a chosen few may work, but the rate is the highest in the land. They won't tell you where it is, but they will tell you that they don't want you along. Those who are not fast packers seek work in the prune valleys where harvesting is late, while droves go to the hop-yards and winter pear orchards of lonely Mendocino.



This year we decided not to make the apples, as the phrase goes, and headed south into the red grape country. It was a good guess, for we

did well. Mickey averaged forty a week, and with much overtime I reached sixty; and it held steady for nine long weeks, right up to another orange time. Our house shipped one hundred and twenty carloads of red Emperors, the latest grape on the market, and we made about six hundred dollars on the job.

There was no piecework for me at this house, but good pay, and being receiver I came into contact with all the growers. For one thing I learned what it is to be game. This little bunch of ranchers taught me. The land from Mexico almost to Oregon was overflowing with grapes—the biggest crops ever. Each variety harvested had in turn glutted the market, and all the varieties overlapped. "Red ink" returns were as prolific as asparagus, which meant you got nothing for your grapes and dug deep for the freight money. And these men smoked their cigars and laughed through it all. One of them said, "I have three big ranches, and it will be better than a cross-word puzzle to figure out which one I shall lose the most money on." And that's the way it went. The help got all the money, but the growers smiled and made ready to play the game another season. This job finished our year of fruit tramping, with earnings well up to three thousand dollars—and see the time we had!

In our journeys across these fertile latitudes, we have met speedy canners who make much more money; but we were fairly good in our lines, and kept going by taking in such work as cutting spinach, and thinning peaches in early spring. It's a paying job if you know how and have the speed, but if you don't and

haven't, let it alone and work by the day.

With each experience the fascination of fruit tramping increases, for it includes travel, change, new scenes, fresh faces, different food and good money. Mickey and I have become typical. We hate the small-town idea of doing the average thing, and we do not want a house and lot. I don't believe any one really does—it's just something real estate men sell to you.

Many a time we have stopped on our restless way, and climbed a wind-swept hill, sentinel of a vast expanse of country. We liked to trace the windings of the rivers, and the tortuous roads twisting through the distant hills. Then we were strangers watching strange people in a strange land, and it was a romantic world. There was romance hidden in the smoke of a far-off chimney, or a gleam of light from a window.

We lived at times very close to the wild things, and sometimes they walked out from the cover to look at us. It happened so often, that we wondered if instinct made known to them the people who would not hurt them. Antelope have galloped within forty yards of us; does with their fawns have walked by unafraid. Once a coyote, bigger than most timber wolves, a freak of his species, gamboled playfully after our car for a hundred yards, for all the world like a big good-natured dog—and we had already shot the last film in our camera.

To other people these trips cost money, but we were merely tarrying pleasantly by the wayside in our fruit-tramp life, and we are still carrying on. It is now October, and the orange rush of the central counties of California will begin next week. The fruit tramps are in the land.

TABLE TALK

IF A brilliant surgeon were to lose a hard-fought case and then retire from practice, we should all feel that human material of the highest order was being wasted. But consider now the parallel case of Alfred E. Smith. Here if ever is a man with a recognized genius for government, who, after polling the largest popular vote ever given a Democrat, is virtually forced back into private life.

A strange paradox, this. We burble continually about the dearth of political leaders, and then permit Alfred Smith to retire from public service. Senate? Cabinet? another term as Governor of New York?—is there no place in our governmental system for a man of Alfred Smith's executive talents? Irrespective of his party affiliations, Governor Smith should be immediately called back to high office in the government of his State or nation. If he is not, approximately 16,000,000 American voters will be painfully conscious that political ability of the first order is being wasted.



WHEN the editors of the new Dictionary of American Biography come to the C's, it is to be hoped that they will get a good man to do a paper on one Tyrus Raymond Cobb. This particular American, best known to millions of baseball fans as "Ty," is one of the most remarkable fellows that ever lived. For twenty-three years he has either led the American League in hitting, or has been up among the first five contenders. He is also a great thief—having stolen more bases than any man alive. When Cobb was in his prime he could, and often did, go home from first base on a single, a feat requiring such terrific speed and daring that few men have ever attempted it. Another famous trick of Cobb's was to steal home from third base while the pitcher was winding up—a truly tongue-parching stunt, and one that always brought the bleachers up with a roar. As a long-distance hitter Cobb has been eclipsed by Babe Ruth, but will any one ever chop out as many one and two base hits as old Tyrus?

For endurance, drama and personality, Cobb is probably the rarest specimen that ever came into big time baseball. He was one of the greatest showmen of our age; whenever his team came to town the turnstiles clicked faster as the fans poured into the grounds, conscious that a master was going to hit, run and slide for them. But over and above his gifts as a ball-player, Cobb commands our admiration as a fine human being. He lived cleanly, guarded his mind, money and manners from the soft processes of decay, and if his legs were made of cast iron instead of aging muscle he'd still be out in the sun field, showing us how good a man can be after forty.

AH, THE ambitions we outgrow! As toddlers we have a vague idea we want to be "like papa"; at ten we crave nothing so much as a bicycle with a coaster brake. At fifteen we struggle for an appointment to Annapolis or West Point, and lose all of two pounds when we don't get it. A Varsity letter, a Brooks suit, and closer acquaintance with movie actresses, supply the motives of the college lustrum. Then a flat-topped desk with our name on it, a new Ford, and the first seven payments on a suburban bungalow fill the early married years. If we are literary, a volume of pale lyrics or a first novel is the be-all and the end-all of our days—until we get it published. Then gradually we aspire to a seat in the vestry, a chair in the board room, a full-page review in the Sunday literary supplement, and a niche in Who's Who. We clamor, as Arnold says, for "all the thousand nothings of an hour—"

"Ah yes, and they benumb us at our call;
Yet still, from time to time, vague and forlorn,
From the soul's subterranean depths upborne
As from an infinitely distant land,
Come airs, and floating echoes, and convey
A melancholy into all our day."

How remote the coaster brake and the Annapolis appointment seem now. The first desk and the early piping lyric lie buried in the pleistocene layer of our lives. We nourish broader and loftier ambitions; aye, and will these too, seem like shabby strangers to us as the years unroll? Or will we be satisfied at last, and hug them to ourselves forever? Neither prospect is cheerful. Probably some Frenchman has made an epigram about the whole business, and maybe it runs like this: Unrequited love and outworn ambition make man realize how unhappy God must be.



WITH a comfortable majority in both houses, a smoothly purring fly-wheel of policy already set in motion by his predecessor, a surplus in the Treasury, no war on the immediate horizon, and no political enemies heavy enough to cause major trouble—Mr. Hoover would have to possess a positive genius for mischief in order to botch his job. Few men have ever had such a fair path of success stretching before them; and all things considered, few men have ever seemed so capable of treading it.

In this tranquil inaugural dawn we extend a cordial hand of confidence to the new President. During the next four years we expect (with a political optimism that never fails us) great things of him and his party. Or, if not *great* things, then careful, honest, prudent ones. Safety and economy—in brief, Coolidgeism—may

never usher in the political millennium, but lacking grander virtues we must be satisfied with them for the present.



“AMERICAN concert audiences,” says Sergei Rachmaninoff, greatest of Russian pianists, “are bigger and more appreciative of good music than those in any other country.”

Rachmaninoff is not the first musician to comment upon America's musical development during the past twenty years. Paderewski, Casals, and even the crusty old Pachmann, have recently paid tribute to the increasing interest and intelligence that we are bringing to the study and appreciation of music. Our composers are still *ein wenig zurück* in their symphonic productions, but it is in the field of symphonic appreciation that we take our preëminent position. “Philadelphia possesses one of the greatest orchestras the world has ever heard,” says Rachmaninoff, who might with nearly as much truth have selected the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, the Boston Symphony, or even the excellent symphony orchestra of Cleveland. A large part of our musical appreciation is directly due to the splendid civic orchestras maintained in many of our large cities. Not only in centers of eastern culture, but in the smaller cities of the West and South as well—Cincinnati, Minneapolis and Seattle, come first to mind—superbly directed orchestras render programs of the finest music. Rachmaninoff commends what many of us realize with quiet joy—that more music, and better music is being heard in American cities to-day than anywhere else in the world.



AS A race, our antiquarian faculty is meagerly developed. Old hotels, theaters and residences are cut down daily before our undimmed eyes. We can afford to nourish few sentimental emotions about our ancient landmarks, because the space they occupy can be turned to more profitable uses. And so the wreckers are ordered in with their pry-bars and drills; the old hostelry where belles of a bygone generation danced with visiting princes, is razed to make room for a sky-scraper; the residence of an aristocratic family is sold to a ten-year-old construction company, and a coöperative apartment is erected on the site. In a few weeks, a patina that three generations of conservative living imparts to a building, is shattered by impersonal hands that know neither piety, nor impiety, but only efficiency and realty values.

In Boston, the old Parker House is gone, taking with it a color and atmosphere that no modern inn can ever duplicate. The Adams House, refuge of governors, gamblers and touring celebrities—where is the Adams House now? Where will the Touraine

be in another year? Gone, and a richly woven skein of American life gone with it. New York never tires of toppling her venerable homes and hotels. The Waldorf-Astoria is to be the latest sacrifice to the Minotaur of efficiency; and now they talk of wrecking the Jefferson Market, probably one of the finest pieces of native architecture in the United States. These buildings are not old, as Europe measures age, but our dearth of historic landmarks makes their loss the more regrettable and gives painful evidence that we set no great value on mellowed brick and time-hallowed associations.



THE Europeanizing of America through the medium of the Arts is a subtle but irresistible process that has been going forward with renewed vigor during the past decade. Prior to 1915, persons who wanted to read French or German novels were obliged to be their own importers. Brieux and Ibsen were the only dramatists with any influence or following; even as late as 1919, Jacques Copeau and his gallant little company were playing to starvation audiences at the Garrick. But an examination of the play lists and book catalogues of recent years will reveal an astonishing number of translations and adaptations from French, Italian, German and Scandinavian. Literary jobs, beautifully carried over into English!—and usually topping the lists of best sellers or dramatic hits. The Theatre Guild is responsible for Molnár, Claudel, and Sil-Vara; two or three enterprising publishers can share the credit for introducing us to Zweig, Proust, Schnitzler, Salten, Mann, Ludwig and Wassermann. Our painters have been seeing through Cézanne's eyes for many years, and after our novelists read "Ulysses" they are never quite the same again.

Yet we need feel no shame about admitting our intellectual debts to Europe. Continental artists emerge from a flux far richer and older than we have been able to prepare in America. By partaking intelligently of what they have to offer, we do not necessarily crimp our own originality, or stunt our own development. There was a time in America when no work of art could gain recognition unless it were wildly red, white and blue. And there may come another time when we shall ape too sedulously the European product. Possibly we are in that era now. But after we emerge from these preparatory stages we shall be able to fertilize with European influences the deep productive soil which is peculiarly our own. It is this combination of Europe and America which seems destined to produce the great art of the future.

GENIUS BUILDS A HOUSE

Neither Smoky Chimney nor Nagging Wife

J. MIDDLETON MURRY

LEGENDS die hard, if indeed they die at all. And one of the most obstinate legends is that the genius is eccentric and improvident. Apparently even journalists who ought to know better believe in it. Quite lately, when the will of Thomas Hardy was published, a popular evening newspaper had a leading article on it with the title "Feet of Clay." The implication being that Hardy ought to be dethroned from his pedestal because he had had the good fortune and the common sense to leave an estate of ninety thousand pounds. To satisfy the ordinary romantic expectation, a man of genius should die in a garret.

The fact is, men of genius dislike poverty as much as anybody else: probably a little more than most people, for the simple reason that the arts are a slightly more precarious calling than most. In consequence great writers are on the whole inclined to be slightly more careful than others. Popularity, they know, is of all things the most evanescent. It generally comes to them, if it comes at all, by what seems to them a pure accident. Why should it be this book, they say to themselves, rather than that? The other was as good, perhaps even better, than the one that first brought them thou-

sands. To this question they generally have no answer. It is as well for them, perhaps, that they have not: for they might be tempted to try the same vein again. And though many things are doubtful concerning the nature of literary genius, one thing is certain—it never repeats itself without damage.

So it comes about, very naturally, that the man of letters is generally the exact reverse of the romantic picture of genius. He is prudent, careful, anxious. Generally, he has risen to competence from poverty; for it is comparatively rare that a man born with means attains a durable renown in literature—for the very good reason that the man who starts poor has passed through a wider range of common human experience than the man who has been all his life exempt from financial care. Dickens would never have appealed to so many hearts had he not begun life in a blacking factory. To take the three writers of our time who are most likely to be remembered a century hence—Hardy, Wells and Kipling—it is clear that, although they did not begin as low as Dickens, they were near enough to the bottom rung of the ladder to have an early and eager desire to climb away from it.

This preoccupation, for some reason, seems very reprehensible to romantic minds. Writers are supposed to be immune from such sordid cares, as being in some way or other derogatory to genius. When some fifty years ago that very honest man of letters, Anthony Trollope, wrote an autobiography in which he treated his receipts like any other man of business, and showed that he had made something between fifteen hundred and two thousand pounds a year during a writing life of forty years, romantic England was so profoundly shocked that it refused to read his books. Trollope had to wait a whole generation before his fame could be modestly revived.

It is not, alas, given to every man of genius to be so stout a man of business as Anthony Trollope; but it is pretty certain that most writers would like to be. Failing that excellence in affairs, they do their best. They are eager to secure themselves in a treacherous world, careful to provide, if they can, for their old age, anxious about their children. Their domestic lives are as banal, or as sane, as those of most other people. Probably a writer takes a little longer than most people in deciding to set up a motor-car. At twenty-five, if he lives by his pen, he cannot count on being able to pay his instalments. He buys his house, for the same reason, a little later than most men.

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These reflections came into my head as I was thinking of a friend of mine, who is one of the few writers of prose to-day whom I believe to be destined to some degree of immortality. He is well over fifty, he

has just touched his first genuine success. For the first time, probably, in his arduous life, he has more coming in than will pay his weekly bills. And I am interested to observe that the first thing he does with his superfluity is to build a house. It will be a modest house; but it will be a good one: and it will have a study for him. He has never had one before.

The thought of that house pleases me immensely. First, for his sake. It pleases me to think of the pleasure he will have from living in a house which is exactly as he wants it to be. He will not be disappointed. He chose his piece of ground some years ago, and bought it with a small windfall, and spent a few years wondering whether he would ever be able to build on it. The ground is good; and so is the architect. That house will be as sound a piece of work, and almost as beautiful, as one of its owner's books. That thought pleases me.

But there is a yet subtler pleasure to be got from thinking about this great event in my friend's life. By it, he joins up with a noble tradition. Thomas Hardy's first act, when he had achieved a modest success, was to build his famous house outside Dorchester. Max Gate—as those who were privileged to visit it, know well—was a modest house. To look at, it was like anybody else's house. Yet it had its differences. It was neither a big house nor a small one; and it is still rare to find houses of such a size at such a discreet distance from a country town. Those who are prosperous enough to build such houses generally like to be nearer their neighbors. Max Gate suggested that its owner wished

neither to abandon, nor be identified with, his town. When it was built, it must have been a gentle challenge to the neighborhood.

Hardy lived to see his cordon of saplings grow into tall trees; his red-brick wall became stained and mossy with age. I did not enter his house till more than forty years after it was built. But even then, it did not need a very keen observer to see that Hardy was house-proud still. One could imagine him taking his handkerchief to rub a mark from his spotless paint, or a screw-driver to make firm a rattling door-handle. Not that I ever saw him do these things; but I should certainly not have been surprised if he had done either before my eyes. It would have been the most natural thing in the world, as natural as it would be to see a sea-captain who had designed his own ship, sailed her safely for forty years, take a caulking hammer or a paint-pot to her while she lay in harbor.

Max Gate was a lovely house; it breathed the natural simplicity of its owner. To sit in the drawing-room was to be at peace. There was no period, no "style," no arbitrary or culled "distinctiveness" in its furnishings. They had happened as comfort or convenience dictated, and opportunity arose. I have sat in the houses of other successful men of letters. Without exception they have been infinitely grander than Hardy's; and without exception they were artificial compared to his. Beautiful enough, but cold and forlorn. In Hardy's one felt: Here a *life* has been lived.

Max Gate came to mean much to me. I felt, vaguely yet positively,

that it was a symbol, if not an actual expression, of that direct realization of the fundamentals of life which gives Hardy's books their astonishing solidity. They too are not rich in the conventional graces; but the rich reality of life is there. After all, next to the earth itself on which we build, and by which we live, a home is the most real thing in the lives of all men. Show me your home and I will tell you what you are, is a sound and simple aphorism. To build one's own house is in the nature of a declaration of faith; it is a crucial act. One needs to have confidence not merely in one's fortune, but in one's nature. I am such and such a man essentially; and in these essentials I shall not change. And Hardy did not change. He knew himself.

At the time that I was revolving these things vaguely in my mind, I was also reading Shakspeare with a mind as alert as I could make it for clues to the personal life of that great and greatly hidden man. These are not prolific. You cannot open your Shakspeare and find one on every page: you have to read with all the patience and all the sensitiveness you can command, till you are capable of responding to the slightest change in tone, and reacting to an emphasis. In such a spirit I was reading, or trying to read Shakspeare; and I was reading, as my habit is, the plays in the order in which they were written. I had reached the first great achievement of his maturity—the two parts of "Henry IV," in which the mighty *Falstaff* first dropped out of the heaven of imagination into the reality of the printed word. Suddenly I came upon a com-

parison between planning a rebellion and planning a house. I had read it dozens of times before; but now for the first time, I noticed, with the thrill of excitement which sometimes attends on these peculiar pursuits, that the comparison was, for Shakspeare, of a very unusual kind. Shakspeare, as every one knows, was the greatest master of metaphor that has ever been; and because of his astonishing gift of metaphor, he is not addicted to similes. If he does use a simile, it is generally very brief. But this simile of the planning and building of a house was, on the contrary, most detailed and elaborate. It was, I suddenly saw, quite evidently the work of a man who had been lately engaged in planning and building a house for himself, and it actually gave an account of his experience. Shakspeare, like the man in his comparison, had been planning a house, and he had planned it too ambitiously for his pocket. He had had to have new plans made.

“When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw
the model:
And when we see the figure of the
house,
Then must we rate the cost of the
erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the
model
In fewer offices, or at last desist
To build at all? Much more, in this
great work,
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom
down
And set another up, should we survey
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation,

Question surveyors, know our own
estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or
else
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of
men:
Like one that draws the model of a
house
Beyond his power to build it; who,
half through,
Gives o’er and leaves his part-
created cost
A naked subject to the weeping
clouds
And waste for churlish winter’s
tyranny.”

I felt certain that Shakspeare was here describing his own experience. He at this moment had been deciding to build his house. The more I thought the more probable my conjecture seemed to be. For this description comes at the beginning of the second part of “*Henry IV.*” Now the first part of that play, which introduced *Falstaff* to an astonished and admiring world, was Shakspeare’s first great popular success. There is more mention of *Sir John Falstaff* in contemporary literature than of any other of Shakspeare’s characters, save perhaps *Hamlet*. The fat knight took the town by storm. So famous and so popular indeed was he that the Queen herself insisted upon Shakspeare writing a special play to show *Sir John* in love; and the poor author had to do it in a bare fortnight. This is probably the oldest tradition concerning Shakspeare that has come down to us, and it is certainly one of the most authentic. For if it did not exist, we should need to invent

it, to explain the otherwise baffling peculiarities of the play which Shakspeare wrote to the Royal Command—"The Merry Wives of Windsor."

This, then, was precisely the moment at which Shakspeare would be building his house. His first great popular success, perhaps his very greatest, had been won. The Queen and the townsfolk alike were clamoring for more *Falstaff*; and he alone could supply them. Now, if ever, was the time for him to build. The year was 1597.

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Having got so far in plausible conjecture, I turned to Sir Sidney Lee's "Life of Shakspeare" to see what I could find. Would this guess of mine be confirmed by evidence, or not? I confess that my fingers trembled a little, as I fumbled over the pages of Lee—literary criticism has its own queer excitements—and I nearly dropped the book when I read: "On May 4, 1597, Shakspeare purchased the second largest house in Stratford-on-Avon. The edifice, which was known as New Place, had been built by Sir Hugh Clopton more than a century before, and seems to have fallen into a ruinous condition. But Shakspeare paid for it—with two barns and two gardens—the then substantial sum of £60. In 1598, a year after purchasing New Place, the dramatist undertook much structural repair, and out of the stone which he procured for the purpose, he sold a load to the corporation of the town for tenpence. . . ."

So my guess was justified. At the moment that Shakspeare wrote those words, sometime toward the end of 1597, his mind was full of the business of restoring and rebuilding New

Place. He had planned his house too ambitiously for his pocket, and had had to plan again: and there before him—in the ruinous and perhaps still uncompleted house of the long deceased Sir Hugh Clopton, was the reality of the vision that warned him not to be one

"That draws the model of a
house

Beyond his power to build it; who,
half-through,
Gives o'er and leaves his part-
created cost

A naked subject to the weeping
clouds

And waste for churlish winter's
tyranny."

Shakspeare made no such mistake. He built within his means; and what we know of the subsequent history of New Place suggests that his means were fairly substantial.

That history was strangely ironical. By the end of the seventeenth century no direct descendants of Shakspeare were alive, and the house reverted by purchase to descendants of the Sir Hugh Clopton who originally built it. In 1753 it was bought by a Cheshire clergyman, named Gastrell, who quarreled with the town council over his assessment; and, because they refused to reduce it, in 1758 cut down the famous mulberry tree which Shakspeare was said to have planted. Naturally, the townsmen detested him for it; and a year later Gastrell took a prodigious revenge upon them by razing the house to the ground. A queer destiny indeed, and one that would give food for thought to the superstitious. Shakspeare had made it his life-work to restore his family fortunes, and

reestablish his name in honor in his own city. Within seventy-five years of his death his line was blotted out; within another seventy-five his very house was deliberately annihilated. Yet this strange sequel seems not wholly out of harmony with his final vision.

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.

One would like to know what Shakspeare considered requisite in the house which he built for himself.

We may be sure that he consulted himself alone. There are good reasons for believing that his wife was allowed no hand in the affair. He was living apart from her; and very probably she never set foot in New Place. There is a clue to be found in the same play of "Henry IV" (Part I), where *Hotspur* named in a breath three insufferable things. *Owen Glendower* was as tedious

As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house.

Perhaps it is not unreasonable to conjecture that Shakspeare had made up his mind that there were two things his house should not contain—the one, smoky chimneys, the other, his nagging and evidently intolerable wife.

LOW TIDE

Isle of Skye

L. A. G. STRONG

Over the mile of sand with a slow tread,
Black lonely figures straggling side by side,
The weary line of mourners and the dead
Pass at low tide;

While in the pipes' rebellion, in a flood
Wild as the crying gull beside the sea,
The pride and passion of an ancient blood
Triumph on misery.

AMERICAN SPEECH

As Practised in the Southern Highlands

MARISTAN CHAPMAN

THERE is no possibility of compact statement in a discussion of folk-speech, for the only way to undertake such business is to classify all sounds and inflections, and syntactical peculiarities, and then gather evidence both from the natives and from scholars who already have done authoritative work. So much may not be contrived in an informal sketch, so in the notes that follow I have tried rather to show the worth of the archaic speech of the highlanders than to give a word list or a chapter of grammar. There is more in these dark corners than a collection of etymological curiosities and quaintness of idiom.

That the speech of the southern highlanders is a genuine American dialect cannot be denied, for these people do not garble standard usage because of lack of formal education—they speak a cultured backwoods tongue all their own. To put into their mouths a stereotyped, manufactured dialect is to rob them of their essential humanness and to present them as comic stage-folk.

The early settlers of the southern Appalachians were mainly Scotch-Irish, and being of a sturdy artisan class they spoke the Saxon tongue as it is found to-day in south Scotland and north England (notably

in Cumberlandshire). They spoke Gaelic and some Erse and Welsh, and all these were spoken in the heavily accented dialects of their home countries. Many of the settlers “had no English at them.” Other settlers were Germans who came from the Rhine Provinces, from German Switzerland or perhaps from colonies that had been settled in Pennsylvania for several decades and now moved on, with the spread of immigration due to congestion in the eastern lands. These last spoke, for the most part, *Pennsylvanische-Deutsche* in its sundry forms; *Pennsylvanische-Deutsche* itself being a blend of the dialects of the Palatinate, Württemberg, the Rhine countries, and English words of common use.

The French influence in the mountains is less to be found in the speech than in the manners, but a few words yet remain. It is known that besides the French colonists who were left stranded in the back hills when France formally retired as claimant of the entire United States, there came pioneers from the southern seaboard, and of these there were both Frenchmen (born in France) and English gentlemen, bringing a knowledge of the “polite language” with them. Up from Charleston and out from Virginia came scapegrace aristo-

crats to leaven the heavy lump of craftsmen; men of no very sound morals, perhaps, but of great courage and a persistent culture that led them to teach their children, and to leave records of their families that are preserved to this day.

Besides the old colonial English, there came English immigrants direct from Suffolk, bringing with them a strain of Norman French.

It was partly by reason of the higher social standing of these English that the language made way against the Pennsylvanische-Deutsche and Gaelic dialects, for the children of the craftsmen were concerned more in learning the craft than in transmitting the language. They would learn a new tongue in which to trade rather than hold stubbornly to their own language and so lose custom. The more cultured elements of the community were buyers, and so tended to impose their language upon the artisans.

By pure creative energy and the necessity of a common understanding in trade, the language performed miracles of adaptation. Two words from different languages might join to form a new one, and such words were not merely married by a hyphen, they coalesced. This is, of course, a common trick of speech, as in our ordinary dictionaries we find outrageous hybrids with Saxon bodies and Latin heads and Greek tails. The highland dialects split, merged and multiplied in bewildering variety, and to-day it is impossible to trace back the derivatives and arrive at the root of many of the words.

But a second, more powerful, reason for the triumph of English in the mountains was the dominating in-

fluence of the Anglo-Saxon, who insists that "foreigners" should learn to speak English like sensible people. With a more stable government, and the definite decision that the United States was to be an English-speaking nation—not French, Spanish or Dutch—there came a greater steadiness in highland speech. Later settlers who arrived already spoke English of a sort.

The English and the German tongues are, of course, friendly to one another, and the Saxon that is spoken in the lowlands of Scotland grows gradually down into the north of England, where we find natives of Cumberlandshire speaking the Saxon that is simply a dialect of ancient German. So, when they found themselves roughing it together in the American Cumberlands they were able to agree the more readily.



In outland speech archaic pronunciation is rightly considered "bad form," but it should not be so charged against an isolated people. Among them it is still current, and therefore correct. A great deal of unmerited contempt is heaped upon "backwoods English," as witness our scornful spelling of "et" for "ate." If we look in the Oxford Dictionary we find that it gives "et" as the preferable pronunciation; and "Modern English Usage" says: "Eat: the past is spelt *ate* (rarely *eat*) and pronounced ĕt (wrongly āt)."

Language is plastic stuff and readily acquires fresh attachments, adopts new meanings for old words, and invents weird compounds to cover needs that spring up with each new age.

Now consider this mountain peo-

ple, separated from the main body of the nation by the topography of their region. Idioms sprang up in the segregated clans that were not recognized by standard national grammar-makers. If such strange use became known it was condemned as "not pure," "a violation of the standard." The segregated people lived under different physical conditions and the necessities arising therefrom gave birth to new words. Their intercourse with the Indians taught them more new words, while, from lack of daily use, other words and idioms were neglected and forgotten.

Meanwhile, in outland places, words were dropped, and, all unknowing, the highlanders continued their use. Idioms shed by progressive national speech were treasured carefully by those who were cut off from the main course of life. Soon the highland speech came to wear an old-fashioned air—not only in the use of archaic words, but in different pronunciation, strange order of grouping, and old-time spelling. This having taken place with all possible naturalness the outland people look contemptuously at the vulgarisms and solecisms of the backwoodsmen, or find the quaint speech fit only for laughter, and so amuse themselves by poking fun at those who, actually, have been faithful to the old traditions.

To take a few samples from current mountain speech: "I am *afeard*" is quite as good English as "I am afraid." Better, in fact—*afeard* being the regular participle of the verb "affear," and "afraid" the very irregular participle of "affray," an inexplicable variant of "affright."

"Put them things down," is good

English for its date. It is no longer in use, but at the time it got lost in the hills it was classical, or standard form. "The price of eggs *ris*," makes use of the old preterit of "to rise"; and *axe* for "ask" is used confidently, just as it is used throughout Tynedale's translation of the Bible.

Orthography, never a very stable science, offers almost no help in the case of the highland speech because of the inextricable blend of early languages; and because this is a spoken and not a written speech. The investigator of to-day must build it up as patiently as he would the talk of some savage tribe whose tongue has never been transcribed.

The present writer is limited to such notes and usages as may be found in Old English and Middle English. Only when word-masters familiar with eighteenth century German, French, Gaelic and Welsh, in their multiple forms and dialects, have contributed to the research, shall we get at some basis upon which to build the history of Apalachian folk-speech.



To return to the matter of pronunciation touched upon in the case of "et"—open any pronouncing dictionary of a hundred years ago and you will find forms that are now vulgarisms. In Dr. Johnson's time "great" was pronounced *greet*. Pope so rimes it in the "Dunciad":

"Here swells the shelf with Ogilby
the great;

There, stamp'd with arms, New-
castle shines complete."

Pope also rimes "obliged" with "besieged" and "tea" with "obey." And such couplings were not mere

poet's license, for we have authority for such pronunciations in the learned prose of the day.

Another matter attributed to plain ignorance, but more properly chargeable to isolation, is the retention of old forms of verbs now lost to common usage, or the retention of old meanings for words that have come to have new definitions. There is confusion of preterit with past participle—"he had went," "he would have broke," "they had not spoke." There is further confusion between strong and weak verbs, but the apparent repeated past inflection, *drowneded* is from the infinitive "to drowned," or, as Middle English has it, "dround." Where standard modern usage has thinned down to weak preterits (shape, shaped; bake, baked; glide, glided; help, helped; creep, crept; weep, wept) the mountain dialect retains the strong forms: *shope, boke, glode* (or *glid*), *holp, holpen, crope* and *wope*.

The double negative, so insisted upon by fictioneers of the southern mountain region, "I never hurt nobody," "I'll not do it no more," is, as a matter of fact, rare in mountain speech, though the users of Old English and Middle English practised it, feeling, no doubt, as the ordinary man does to-day, that two negatives must be stronger than one, and three stronger yet. It is a comparatively recent grammar rule that two negatives make an affirmative—or, as the school-boy wrote it in his examination paper, "Two negatives make an infirmity."



Philologists sometimes express the hope that the dialect of out-of-the-way places will contribute to the

American language. Now, as far as the southern highlanders folk-speech is concerned, it is a question not of contribution but of restoration; and the question is, is there anything worthy of reincorporation with our modern English? As far as the Saxon element is concerned there is forthrightness, clarity and (that fetish of modern wordsmiths) succinctness. Other elements of the backwoods speech probably offer other valuable gifts, but that, as I said elsewhere, must be taken care of by specialists in other languages.

The mountain language is rich in having many shades of words, as, for example, the words for rain: threatened rain is *falling weather*; scotch mist is *a damping*; a cloudy, soft rain, *a smirr*; a sharp shower, *a dash*; heavy rain (wind-driven), *a scud*; a pelting, straight downpour, *an onding*; a drenching storm, *a tempest*.

Words denoting successive stages of quarrelsomeness that may be recommended to peace conferences and other outland needs, are: *hardness* (ill-will); *ruction* (quarrel); *rippit* (fight with fists); *jower* (real anger); *upscuddle* (a quarrel with bitterness); *fray* (fatal fight and shooting). The Old French derivative "feud," imported recently by outlanders, has been taken up glibly by the mountain people and appears in startling contexts.

Standard English to-day has only the comparative "rather," having lost the positive *rathe* and the superlative *rathest*. The highlander retains both, and, what is more, uses "rather" as an abstract noun. "A person has a *rather* where he'd live." Of course "preference" would fill the meaning, but it is decidedly weaker.

"To have a rather" is to express determination.

Outlanders speak of "height," and so do highlanders (though they spell it *highth*, as did Milton), but they also use *lowth*, a very useful term for a tree or for a personal enemy. The verb "to know" is common enough, but *to unknow* is a different thing again, and supplies a long felt want for a word that is neither forgetfulness nor ignorance. And what could be simpler than "'Tis *unknownen* how far it is."?

Where only one specimen of a group of related words has survived in modern English, we are likely to find the lost words still alive and active in the mountains. With "gain-say" we find *gainstrive* and *gainstand*; with "foolhardy," we find *foolhappy* (see Spenser) and *foolhasty* (see Chaucer). Many words of the order of "winsome" have died out of modern speech, but the highlands have *lovesome*, *hatesome*, *brightsom*e, *longsome*, *playsom*e; and keep, moreover, such self-explanatory compounds as: *carrytale*, *lackbrain*, *wantwit*, *breakvow*, *cumberworld*, *clutchfist* (miser). All in all, they treasure the great hantle of leaves swept up as they drift year by year from the tree of language.

Citing isolated words gives no key to the variety of expression at the mountain man's command. The eternal "Howd'ye, Stranger?" we find so often attributed to him in stories is rarely heard. Probably its only use is as an apt answer to the Stranger's own abrupt "Hello!" Here are a few examples of greetings and replies that put our curt interchanges to shame.

"What's the time o' day by *your* clock?" "Mainly joyous n' pert."

"How you making out?" "Gaily, I thank you."

"Hope I see you pert?" "Kind thanks, but I'm neither here nor there."

"A fair good-night to you!" "And to you a kindly waking!"

The sense of onomatopœia gives the mountain speech such words as *whiffle*, for a slight breeze; *trinkling*, for the sound of water running over pebbles. Also: "Yon's a bird *flicketing* in laurel scrub," "I stepped on a beetle to hear him *squot*," and "He fair *glirred* down the slope"—*glirred* meaning "slipped and slid and glided" all at once.

This feeling for sound makes the mountain man bold as a lion in the use of an ugly word for an ugly meaning, and this forthrightness, coupled with his retention of the plain-spoken English terms of a former day makes it impossible to give samples. Yet, while southern highlanders believe that a word fit to scratch the ear-drums is best suited to an unpleasant idea, they will in all other cases go whole phrases out of their way to avoid cacophony.



Much misunderstanding of the speech of the mountain people has been brought about by the persistent effort to spell the dialect. Spelling is a feeble thing in the first place and it fails utterly in a region where consonants change places recklessly and vowels are tossed about like jackstones. For every man who substitutes "i" for "e," and says: *sinse* for "sense"; *git* for "get"; we have his neighbor who replaces "e" with "i" and says *sence* for "since," *desh* for "dish" and *sperit* for "spirit." These difficulties are no sooner down in our

note-book than along comes a third, from the same square mile, mind you, and says: *sparrit*, meaning, of course, *sperit*. This last comer says *marcy* for "mercy," and then, quite suddenly produces a "u" and tells us we are *suspected* of making fun of them all. Finally, when we have listened to those who insist on doubling the "ee" in *frieend* and *womeen* and *een* (end), and those who say *ruff* and *sut* for "roof" and "soot," we are as well prepared as we ever shall be to write "mountain dialect."

It is a philological puzzle; but where the philologist is merely puzzled, the phonologist goes raving mad. As a consequence, the novelists of the region, who are phonologists, give us startling dialect which they have been compelled in sheer self-defense to reduce to some sort of conventional order. It is the best they can do, having only outland ears; and after a brief personal research any critic would acknowledge that they have done well enough; that he is willing to take their word for it.

There are, however, a few common fallacies that are old enough to be laid peacefully to rest. The first is that *hit* is used promiscuously. Contrary to popular belief the highlander never drops an "h" nor does he pick up a spare one in the wrong place. The Old English neuter *hit*, for "it," is used at the beginning of a sentence only—never medially, unless after a pause for emphasis. The words so commonly printed *nary* and *ary* are contractions of "ne'er a," and "e'er a," and should be so pronounced. *Nary* in the sense of "none whatever" is only heard consistently in the Blue Ridge, rarely in the Great Smokies, never in the Cumberlands.

And this brings me to the commonest mistake of all—the assumption that the "mountain dialect" is the same throughout the entire region. On the contrary it varies almost from county to county, and is so sharply distinguished as between States that dwellers in the distant corners have difficulty in understanding one another. The three main branches, however, are the Cumberland, the Great Smoky and the Blue Ridge. A few examples of variants in common terms are given in the following table:

Cumberland	Great Smoky	Blue Ridge
cow-beast	cow-brute	she-cow
fork (of a river)	prong	water-branch
boomer (big, gray squirrel)	boomer (little, brown squirrel)	squir'l
smidgen (small portion, little bit)	canch	tiddy-bit
linkster (interpreter)	linkister	langijer
pathery (half-witted, simple)	patherish	innocent
one o' God's secrets embrangled (in a mess, or muddled, untidy)	fate kittered up	chance stewed

And the confusing thing is that a word that means one thing in one dialect will mean something definitely different over the State line.

Although the dialect divisions do not run by State lines, they fall roughly as follows—the Cumberlands, Tennessee and Kentucky; Great Smokies, the Carolinas; Blue Ridge, Virginia and West Virginia. It should not be necessary to say that the Ozark Mountains are not part of the Appalachian range at all, and that they keep their distance in Arkansas and Southern Missouri, yet frequently they are confounded with the eastern mountains.

On all sides the Appalachians ripple away in foot-hills where dwell the miscellaneous tribes of poorlanders, who figure so largely in fiction as "the poor whites of the south." These people speak a bastard tongue impossible to trace, but in its current manifestation evincing only poverty of brain and lack of constructive power. It is a pity that this fringe of wastrel stock should have stood so long in the way of an appreciation of the true highlander and his speech.

It behooves the philologist to make haste if he would find the remnants of archaic English as spoken in the highlands. The new central schools are systematically attacking the old speech on the vague grounds that it is "wrong." Earnest mission workers in mistaken attempts at uplift are removing traces of the native speech as fast as possible, or reducing it to dialect form. The highlanders themselves, becoming car owners and ap-

preciating the wide open roads, are growing townized, and are picking up their new speech from movie subtitles and outland trades-folk.

Perhaps all will not be lost, since language is a living thing, having birth, growth and decay. We have seen how the southern highland tongue came to be, and how the absorptive power of the Anglo-Saxon gave it its final form. We are now witnessing its period of decay, and can only hope that in its death—that is, in its merging with a stronger and newer tongue—it may enrich the national speech. When the language of the southern Appalachians is taken up into the American language, it may restore some of the lost strength and forthrightness of earlier diction.

Its gracious courtesy requires too much circumlocution for our daily use, but it may modify in some degree our extremes of *pep*, *snap* or *jazz*.

THE INVISIBLE BIRTH-MARK

A Gipsy Love Story

LAURENCE TRIMBLE

YES, Stefan was a poet. And, moreover, he was half Gipsy. By adoption, he belonged to the most restless and far-wandering tribe that ever crossed and recrossed the Danube. For another thing, these Gipsies were known and famed. Days, weeks even, their coming was heralded, for no other tribe, it was believed, could boast of so many or such glorious musicians.

But it had remained for Stefan, while yet in his teens, to delight his fellow players with whom he had grown up, even as they had delighted those appreciative, though less gifted, folk who flocked to nourish their souls through their ears.

Among the legendary annals of the Tribe, the one oftenest retold (always in whispers and only around low-burning fires, for fear that some one, even a Gipsy of another tribe might overhear) had to do with a very remote time.

Long, long ago, the whispered tale ran, long before they were known as Gipsies, there lived a Great One—a poet, a musician, perhaps both in one. And along with the tale went a prophecy: such a one would come to live again with this race of wanderers. It was part of the Gipsy heritage, this legend. But only this particular tribe, Stefan's people by

adoption, believed the Great One would surely be one of them. And this was the reason for the Tribe's secret pride. For they, counting themselves chosen for such glorious distinction, while outwardly fraternizing with all people, held themselves superior to all.

Now when first it was known that the Chief of the Tribe had, on its behalf, adopted the infant son of the renegade Stefan, he who had taken his violin from his tribe and had left his own people to marry a golden-haired dancing-girl and to live with her the life of city theaters, there had been resentful murmuring. But when the oldest female of the Tribe, she whose incantations were most potent and whose prophecies they had reason to believe, touched the fingers of the infant Stefan, the murmuring abruptly ended. Reverently holding those baby hands in her gnarled old claws; she turned her long since blinded eyes on those who had drawn near.

"On this one," she said, "is the invisible birth-mark! One of the gods—and which one I say not—has laid a finger on the heart of this babe."

And though not one of the Tribe so much as whispered his secret hopes, all watched the growing child for signs. For, might not he be that

great poet or musician, perhaps both in one, for whose coming they had waited and waited?

Before little Stefan was ten, he not only played the violin as well as the best, within the memory of the blind old "teller," but he played all the dances and all the songs known to the Tribe. And, when he played, there was greater joy in the happy songs; wilder, blood-stirring zest in the passionate dances. From their songs of sadness, he called up memories of long forgotten times, and so poignantly that his Gipsy hearers seemed to relive the exquisite tragedies which, but for his subtle magic, they could not even have sensed.

About this time, Stefan, a little more than ten, began to make his *own* music. Hopeful eyes furtively met, seeking corroboration. Surely He, The Great One, had come again, to dwell with the Tribe to its everlasting glory.

Whatever Stefan played was a song, and all listening hearts sang with him. And whenever the rhythm of the dance flowed through his music, feet, hands, bodies—yes, and eyes, too, danced.

At first he made only wordless songs, humming them softly while he played. But gradually, no one realized just when or how, his songs became clothed in words. He sang of great deeds and of strange places, of horses, and of men and of children. He sang of the dawn, of twilight, of high noon and of soft warm nights.

But he sang no song of his own which, in words, told of love. And this was strange, seeing that he had now reached the age when, before listening to other young men, each maiden

of the Tribe waited until she was certain that there was no hope of his making a song for her. It was easy to understand why they waited; for unmistakably one of his songs, hauntingly beautiful, told of love—but only through his violin did he give it life. And then never except at night, when, he would slip away from the encampment. At such times and from some height or wooded seclusion, the Gipsies might faintly hear the burden of its aching loneliness.

One, one of them, besought him, saying, "Tell me, Stefan, the words of that song you go apart from us all to play—I know there must be words, beautiful words."

But he only smiled, and turned his face from her.

~

One autumn the Tribe was in Hungary. That year Stefan was nineteen. Word came to the Gipsies of preparations for a great festival. Gentry and peasants, from a wide region, would join in celebrating a mammoth harvest. Knowing that gold would flow their way no less freely than wine, the Tribe pushed on through village after village, leaving disappointment in its wake.

Beginning at noon, the Gipsy musicians, hardly pausing for refreshment, played straight through the twilight. Led by Stefan, they performed till well nigh exhausted. Troupe after troupe, from rival villages, contested for dancing honors. A full moon smiled on a happy world when the winners made ready to dance once more, in celebration of victory.

Now the coveted honor had been won largely by reason of a breathtaking solo dance. The beauty of the

maiden surpassed even the beauty of her flawless performance. As she was finishing, wild applause drowned the music. Hundreds of voices joined, chanting her name—"Rada! Rada!"

The weary musicians put aside their instruments—all save Stefan, who, feasting his eyes on Rada's loveliness, seemed unaware that she no longer danced. Softly, unmindful of the cheering, as though under a spell, he played on.

Leaving Rada to follow, the other dancers withdrew—but she remained, standing in the moonlight, fascinated, the very picture of rapt attention.

Then, out of a sudden silence, Stefan's violin crooned that wordless song of love.

To the accompaniment of the crowd's rhythmic breathing, unconsciously subdued, the song transposed itself into the dance. And just as subtly, Rada fell under its moving spell. Watching her, the onlookers, standing, automatically clasped hands and swayed as one to the perfect rhythm, following with their eyes Rada's every subtle movement. The peasants forgot even the gleaming richness of her costume, donned for this dance of triumph, the first sight of which had made them gasp. And all forgot she was daughter to the region's overlord.

Toward Stefan, no one so much as glanced. Only Rada remained aware of his existence. To all the rest his music had become one with the moonbeams—caught by the jewels in Rada's hair. She appeared clothed in light, and dancing without volition of her own. The illusion of her being upborne and sustained by the moon's

reflected brightness, roused superstitious awe.

No one save Rada knew when Stefan's voice had softly joined with the violin's, or when the violin began to hum a muted accompaniment to Stefan's song without words. But Rada had no need of words to know that his heart spoke directly to her heart.

As nobody looked at Stefan, he was not observed slipping noiselessly away over the grass.

Fleecy clouds slowly obscured the moon's face. Not one gave thought as to why the music called to them from such a distance. Spellbound, they stood while the dancing vision passed, wraith-like, beyond reach of their eyes, along a smooth ridge which crossed the meadow to a grove of trees.

Surprised, the Gipsies stood like statues—when the music stilled. Of a sudden the moon sailed brilliantly free of that misty curtain.

At that moment all eyes turned toward the grove, from whence came the song—a ringing song. No wordless humming this! That it was Stefan's voice, no one realized, for never before had he sung as now. The words told of a heart that had hungered, drearily waiting; not daring to hope that in all the world there lived one whose beauty could ever faintly suggest the glorious maiden, the vision of whom he saw dancing to such music as he heard only in dreams.

The feet of the listeners were powerless to move.

The song ended in a prayer—a prayer of passionate thanksgiving to all the benign gods, who must have conspired together in order that a

miracle of such loveliness might come in human guise to dwell upon this poor earth.

Then the voice of Rada's father, outraged and furious, commanding her to leave the grove instantly; but that she heard him not, was made plain by the sound of her laughter, mingling joyously with Stefan's.

A youngish man, huge of stature and wearing the uniform of an officer, burst profanely through the crowd. Across the space cleared for dancing he fairly charged, followed by several Gipsies, and after them the crowd.

Some one, the fire-eating officer declared, had struck him down as he entered the wood. Then loudly he called on the crowd to give up the cursed *Tsigan*, who had put a disgraceful spell upon his fiancée.

But Stefan had disappeared. So had those several Gipsies who were close on the officer's heels when he reached the grove.

Rada had seen them dragging Stefan away. But, more pallid than moonlight itself, she made no answer to her father's demands. Nor did she pay heed to the officer, save to shrink from his touch. In dry-eyed, tragic bewilderment, she suffered her mother to lead her from the grove.

...

As the sun rose next morning, the Gipsies made camp beside a stream. They had traveled the long night through. Forgoing food, those not already asleep in the wagons, crept silently to rest. It was then the Chief discovered that Stefan was not with the caravan.

Quietly the troubled Chief sought out the blind old "teller" who had lived well past the century mark. He found her awake, mumbling her words of nearly a score of years ago: "On him is the invisible birth-mark! One of the gods—and which one I say not—laid a finger on his heart." And this was all she would say in reply to his anxious inquiries about Stefan.

The next night Rada's father dreamed of hearing music. That same bewitching music that had called her, dancing away to the grove. He dreamed that, dressed in the same costume, she stood by the barred window of her room, gazing into the moonlit night, listening. The shadows of those heavy bars fell black on the whiteness of her face and upon the creamy folds of her costume. And then, in his dream, she passed through the window as easily as though the bars offered no resistance firmer than the shadows, and floated joyously away, beyond his sight.

A preposterous dream! Rada's father, wakened by the sound of his own laughter, roused his wife, and, still laughing, told of his ridiculous dream.

But though Rada's mother laughed with him, the instant she was sure he again slept soundly, she ran to her daughter's room.

Without even glancing at the bed, she went straight to the window, and for a long time stood there in the moonlight. But the bars cast no black shadows on her face—

A MODERN'S SEARCH IN SCIENCE

*From Whatever Angle Wisdom Looks Forth, She Beholds and Reports
the Same Vision*

S. T.

NO ONE in the world to-day has a more profound scientific knowledge than the author of the "Outline of Science"—Dr. J. Arthur Thomson. Yet it is obvious that science has fed, rather than dwarfed or discouraged, other sides of his life; that microscope and laboratory have nurtured rather than annihilated the artist, poet, philosopher and even the religious in him. In that beautifully proportioned mind that he opens up to us, its generous recognition and fine balancing of all the different means and paths to knowledge, we have a shining example of what should be the result of a true scientific education.

And the explanation of such a mind, is that its possessor has science and natural phenomena in their right perspective with relation to human life and experience as a whole. So has Bose this perspective; so has Lodge, so has Whitehead, Millikan, Pupin—so has every first-rate scientific thinker. It is only when you get into the second-class minds, in any department of life, that you find one-sidedness, dogmatism, bigotry.

One of the most interesting things to me, in this series of discussions by

scientific writers, is the way in which—from such varying fields of research—each bears out the conclusions of the other. Sometimes it seems as though it were one man speaking, instead of half a dozen—telling us the same truths, in terms of mathematics, medicine, physics, plant life, natural history. From whatever angle Wisdom looks forth, she beholds and reports the same vision.

Thus the main points of Sir J. C. Bose's paper last month were: *the unity of all life* (throughout the four kingdoms) and *the creative power of man* over his further evolution and destiny. And this month Dr. Thomson states: "the most characteristic aspect of nature is that of *vital inter-relations*" and "the biggest fact of organic evolution is the trend toward greater *mastery of environment* and *increased freedom of self-expression*." Through greater knowledge and foresight, wiser control of life.

Dr. Thomson's theme is the influence of nature on human life, in its practical, esthetic, and intellectual aspects; and the enrichment of man's life along these three main lines, by the new worlds discovered to him through natural history. As we read his stirring review of the great names

and great achievements that have made possible to us these discoveries; when we consider the centuries of patient indefatigable toil known as "scientific research," as result of which we stand to-day part of a great vibrating system of nature, opening up endless vistas of creative possibility and power—the first and overwhelming thought that must come to us, is our incalculable debt to science and scientific men. Surely they should be remembered and honored in our calendars of the future, quite as much as other great souls and selfless benefactors of the race.

And the second thought: How could any one study the wonders of science and nature, and not be religious? How could a younger generation brought up on the glorious beauty and thrilling drama of that world Dr. Thomson describes, ever become morbid, unwholesome, or artificial? "The coral, the sea-lily, the butterfly, the gemmeous dragonet, the humming-bird, the ermine amidst the snow, the fluorescent fronds of seaweed, the feathery moss, the cedar of Lebanon, the blue-bells tinkling by the wayside, the royal fern by the waterfall . . ."

How many children—or their parents—have any intimate knowledge of these unutterably lovely things? A few flowers in a vase, to make "a nice note of color" in a room. Now and then a sunset, the sea, or a mountain peak, casually admired. Geology or botany taken in college because it was a "snap course." Later, in business or one's profession, natural forces to be used, conquered, chained to the chariot wheel of personal power and supremacy. Is not this, with the golf course, the extent

of most moderns' acquaintance with or interest in nature?



Many of our complex social and political difficulties are due, as Dr. Thomson points out, to our unnatural divorcement from the vital natural world; from the false perspective we acquire from the life of brick and steel, offices and apartment houses. Within their narrow confining walls, we have come to a hard and unnatural concentration on our tight little box of a personal life—we have lost the saving sense of union with that vast, fluid universal life "out of which we emerge, and without which we are unpicturable."

Life lived in sky-scrapers can easily make one believe in a mechanical universe. But who in the green peace of a country field, can look at the humblest dandelion or beetle's wing and conceive of the world as a soulless mechanism?

We come through awe of the beauty of created things, to conviction concerning the Creator. "Every advance in science," says Troward, "consists in discovering new subtleties of connection in this magnificent universal order which already exists, and only needs our recognition to bring it into practical use. If then the highest work of the greatest minds is nothing else than the recognition of an already existing order, there is no getting away from the conclusion that a paramount intelligence must be inherent in the Life-Principle which manifests as this order. And thus we see that there must be a great cosmic Intelligence underlying the totality of things."

"The new natural history," says

Dr. Thomson, "is demonstrating to man that the system of animate nature to which he belongs, is a world congruent with the religious mood: a world in which the religious spirit can breathe freely, and possibly at times enjoy the vision of God."

Dr. Thomson makes very clear his conviction as to the relative functions of science and religion. In an address in London last year he said: "So much time and trouble would be saved if people would refrain from making false antitheses between scientific description and religious interpretation. Science never gives more than descriptive formulations of laws of nature. It never raises the question of meaning or purpose; for the answers to these questions of meaning, purpose, significance, cannot be given by the scientific method. Interpretations can only be given by philosophy and religion. Of course interpretations must be congruent with the facts; but there can be no radical antithesis between a transcendental statement congruent with the facts, and a scientific description.

"Science, majestic as it is, is the outcome of fishing in the sea of reality, with particular kinds of nets which we call chemical, physical, microscopical and others. But there may be—and there are—many creatures in the sea of reality which slip through the meshes of the scientific net. Science is only one of the rights of way to reality. It is not the truth, but only a contribution to the truth."

Lord Haldane made the same statement in his article on relativity: "Reality is much more than an assemblage of lines and curves, numbers and equations, electrons and protons. There are levels of experi-

ence which belong to reality just as much as do the principles of men of science. Every one of us knows that there are times when we seem to be lifted above ourselves—which means that above the level of our minds there is a higher world. The symbolical language in which we express our experience of this state, does not contradict science. It says the same thing, but at its higher level.

"Science and the divine do not contradict each other, because their categories are of wholly different orders, which accordingly can never come into conflict. It is only in their narrow and too conventional aspects that they can even seem to do so. Science has a place, a great place, but still only a place, in the hierarchy that also embraces morals, art and religion."

In these days of continual assertion as to the inevitable contradiction and mutual destruction of science and religion, it is heartening to read these assertions from the foremost scientists themselves. In requesting them to write these papers, we made not the slightest effort to direct or influence their thought. We simply asked the questions: "What in your opinion is the relation between science and religion? Do you think the one contradicts and destroys the evidence of the other?"

We have heard the answers of a mathematician, a great physicist, a botanist, a natural historian; and during the months to come we shall hear from the anthropologist, the chemist, and the medical man.

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All these are important phases of the modern's search in science. But most important, I think, are the

two points mentioned at the beginning, and that all our scientific contributors are emphasizing: the unity of all life, the interrelatedness of all living organisms, and the increasing power and responsibility of man in connection with his further evolution.

Last month Sir J. C. Bose said: "Sensation is modifiable. The external is no longer overwhelmingly dominant. Man is no longer a passive agent in the hands of destiny. It rests with him whether the channels through which the outside world reaches him should at his command be widened or closed. By opening himself to such stimulation as he desires, he can make of himself what he wills."

And this month Dr. Thomson says: "Nature is not against us but with us. Nature is friendly to man, and of the greatest assistance. Nature has given man lesson after lesson in vital chess-playing, but he has not been too willing to learn."

In the past we have blamed nature for many things that have been due only to our own ignorance and stubbornness to learn. I heard Maude Royden preach an amazing sermon in which she reviewed the "natural calamities" and "acts of God" which could have been entirely prevented by the insight God had given to certain men—whose fellows would not permit them to use it. Hangings, persecutions, dungeons; libraries burned, the precious research of years destroyed by the fanaticism of a mob in five minutes.

I heard Professor Turner (Professor of Astronomy at Oxford) say, "we have not yet mastered earthquakes, but we fully expect to do so."

And who knows how many years

ago this and other conquests might have been made, banishing the larger part of man's cares and misery—but for the stubborn resistance to knowledge and change by the ever conservative standpatters, down the centuries?

We shake our heads over the incomprehensible past, and fondly fancy that such ignorance and blindness could never recur in the enlightened age we live in. Yet probably at no time in history has human knowledge and human evolution generally been more seriously threatened than at the immediate moment. Senator Borah in presenting the Kellogg Peace Pact, told the Senate that the treaty is a step toward the preservation of peace which must be taken "lest civilization be imperiled as it has not been since the evening of the Dark Ages."

And Dr. Thomson gives us some very straight facts about the Dark Ages. "There was darkness for over thirteen centuries [one thousand three hundred years!]. Men lost the desire to see for themselves or to make new knowledge." Why? "Because of extreme preoccupation with the tasks of war and peace." Principally war. The chief occupation of the world during those thirteen centuries—during feudal life generally—was fighting. Result: "mental stagnation, superstition, magic-mongering."

And if to-day, with the deadly inventions of modern warfare, such a period of darkness should close down . . . no one in any country round the world dares to contemplate it.

Our knowledge—like everything else we have and are—rests upon our

relations with one another. In those relations lies our salvation—or our extinction. And we, all together, determine what those relations shall be.

In his great picture of the perpetual circulation and reincarnation of the elements, Dr. Thomson says: "The world is a flux of powers from guise to guise. Living creatures make no energy, but are merely its transient transformers." That, to me, is a tremendous "merely." It says that we can choose the form which we will give to energy, and therefore the state of consciousness in which we will experience life.

For the experience of every living creature depends upon an inseparable trio of factors: activity, instruments, consciousness. Experience depends on the form in which we are concentrating energy. If we are using our energy in physical form to fight, we are not using it in intellectual form for scientific investigation. And the resulting realms that we perceive in the two cases are not the same. The world of which the Crusader of 1300 was aware, was a very different world from that before the vision of Charles Darwin. And the world of Charles Darwin, again, was no doubt different from the world as it appeared in the vision of a Buddha or of a Christ.

What makes the same world—this same whirling galaxy of elements and energy—look so different to different kinds of creatures? Difference in the instruments through which they behold it. The relative expansion and clearness, or darkness and narrowness of the beholding mind. And what makes that instrument clear and comprehensive, or

dark and narrow? The habitual activities of species and individual creatures.

We saw last month through Sir J. C. Bose's experiments, how continued stimulation affects nervous tissue and in time creates an organ. Everybody knows how continued struggle at a certain kind of action—muscular action for example—develops an organ; and how disuse of an organ causes it to atrophy. The nature of our activity, therefore, in the long run determines the nature of our instruments. And it is these instruments that determine our perception of and relations with the outside world—nature, other men, the whole range of sensation and experience. We can, by definitely chosen and steadily maintained activities, build such instruments and experience such a state of life as we desire. This, to me, is the most tremendous fact of existence.

But we cannot do it as individuals—though part of the work is through the individual will. The other part must be by conscious coöperative action. You and I may firmly decide to use our energy for intellectual and spiritual development rather than for physical fighting; but if tomorrow a troop of men come tearing into our homes, smashing our microscopes and measuring rods, and forcing us to defend ourselves, we shall not be able to use our energy in the form we had decided on. This sure and uninterrupted use of energy in a certain form can only be by common agreement between all the different groups of men.

Individual direction of will, conscious coöperative action—these are

the two factors involved in our evolution from this point.

It is as though each individual carries a tiny torch—the light of his individual consciousness. When all these individuals are running about helter skelter, dashing into each other, blindly whirling or definitely attacking one another—the light from their individual torches is scattered, blurred, extinguished. We are putting out each other's light. And no one of us can see anything but the dust and confusion of the battle.

But when we stop our fighting or aimless whirling, and the units are marshaled together—when our individual torches are massed into one united field of concentrated consciousness, that field becomes a sea of light in whose illumination we all can see clearly.

We beat our breasts and pray to heaven for succor. We look everywhere for a saviour, a creator, a deliverer from the pains of this world. It is a hard saying but true, that we ourselves are that creator, and we must be our own saviours and deliverers. For *we are creating our own experience*. Science, religion, metaphysics, philosophy, all tell us this, in their different languages. If we want more knowledge, we can get it. If we want a different relation between the life inside and the life outside, we can get it. But we can do so only by ceasing to fight and rush about haphazardly; by massing and intelligently reorganizing our energy.

This world is not a machine going it blind, unless we permit it to be. Behind that perpetual circulation and reincarnation of elements, behind that trinity of energy, instruments, consciousness—is what? Individual

and universal will. Have you not here a very broad hint to the answer of the eternal mystery: what is the creative power behind all existence?



We hunt everywhere for a philosophy, a religion, an explanation of life. In the simple facts going on before our eyes, we have, it seems to me, the grandest explanation and philosophy that any soul could wish. We see life playing in all these different combinations. Play of any sort involves "rules of the game"—voluntary limits within which the players make their moves. These rules depend on the nature of the elements with which the play is concerned: the ball and its properties, the earth and its form, the force of the arm, and so forth. Not your caprice or mine, but the nature of the elements we have chosen to play with, makes the laws governing their action.

If we were condemned to play any game for the rest of our lives it would speedily become our hell instead of our pleasure. But the delight of it is, that the limits we impose on ourselves are voluntary. We can use our energy in another form at any moment we choose. We are free.

So it is in this incredibly gorgeous and varied play of life. Every state of life is bound by its own laws—the laws the Infinite Life has decreed unto itself, the voluntary limits it has set itself in that state. But—here is the liberating clause—each state of life and each set of creatures has the power to transcend its own state: by renouncing the use of power in a "lower" (grosser) form, for power in another form that it can develop.

The animal can become the primitive man, the primitive man can become the divine man, the divine man the god. No life is permanently bound. The principle of growth, expansion (and contraction) is in every organism. Infinity is within every atom.

In the vision of the seer there are

no "lower" and "higher" states. They are just "different." The laws of pathology are as beautiful as the laws of health. To the all-comprehending vision, all is beautiful and all is perfect. And the all-comprehending being has only to choose which state or vision of life he will experience.

Suggestions for Further Reading

SCIENCE AND RELIGION	J. Arthur Thomson	<i>Scribner</i>
RELIGION IN THE MAKING	A. N. Whitehead	<i>Macmillan</i>
SCIENCE AND HUMAN PROGRESS ¹	Sir Oliver Lodge	<i>Allen & Unwin</i>

These are three of the best books I know for people in the thick of modern argument and spiritual confusion.

PLANT AUTOGRAPHS AND THEIR REVELATIONS	J. C. Bose	<i>Macmillan</i>
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For those who want to go further into the fascinating experiments of the great botanist.

THE REIGN OF RELATIVITY	R. B. Haldane	<i>Yale Press</i>
RELATIVITY	G. Birkhoff	<i>Macmillan</i>
THE NATURE OF THE PHYSICAL WORLD	A. S. Eddington	<i>Macmillan</i>
PSYCHICAL RESEARCH	Article in Ency. Britannica	
PSYCHO-THERAPY	Article in Ency. Britannica	
PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, SCIENCE AND RELIGION ¹	Stanley De Brath	<i>Metbuen</i>
PHENOMENA OF MATERIALISATION ¹	von Schrenck-Notzing	<i>K. Paul, Trench-Trubner</i>
A NEW FORM OF MATTER	J. Beresford	<i>Harpers Magazine, May 1919</i>
PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH		<i>American, 15 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.</i> <i>British, 31 Tavistock Square, London¹</i>

There are also Sir Oliver Lodge's books to which he referred in his article, and other standard works on this subject.

HUMAN PERSONALITY	Frederick Myers	<i>Longmans, Green</i>
CONTACT WITH THE OTHER WORLD	James Hyslop	<i>Century</i>
SCIENCE OF THE FUTURE LIFE	James Hyslop	<i>E. P. Dutton</i>
MODERN PSYCHIC PHENOMENA	Hereward Carrington	<i>Dodd, Mead</i>

¹ English books may be had in most public libraries.

LENINGRAD'S LUCKY HOUSE

Or the Story of the Golden Fish

WALTER DURANTY

LENINGRAD once had a Lucky House. Through its story flows the stream of life in modern Russia. Beneath new laws and customs lie old things unchanged. Even an ancient fairy-tale is there—the Golden Fish.

In Leningrad in '22—they called it Petrograd then, before Lenin's death—there was a dingy little house on the outskirts of the city. In it lived thirty-seven "souls," as the Russians say. Since the landlords had gone, the adults were grouped in a tenants' coöperative, according to Soviet rule.

They did not know how to manage very well, and got into debt. It was only fifteen rubles, but that was a big sum in those days for the poor. By an urgent and thorough canvass they raised twenty-five rubles, and for the first time had a surplus. In pride the coöperative voted to buy a ten-ruble ticket in the new state lottery loan.

One chance against millions. But miracles happen in Russian fairy-tales, and their ticket drew first prize—a hundred thousand rubles.

Fifty thousand dollars in real money for a tiny tenement. The whole city, indeed all Russia, was excited. Memory of the black "hunger years" and currency inflation

was still sharp, and real money was a novelty. Every man, woman and child of the thirty-seven souls was broadcast and interviewed and photographed and paragraphed.

In its first enthusiasm the association donated ten per cent of the prize to the fund for homeless children. They then began to think about how they should spend the rest. At once, it seems, the cares of wealth began. Nearly all Russian city dwellers are only a generation or two away from the country, and the ten adult members of the coöperative found themselves with more kinsfolk than they knew they had. Every living relative, up to cousins of the twelfth degree, wrote letters of affection, or hurried to the city bearing gifts, in the hope of sharing the golden flood. The money had not yet been paid, but in the Lucky House there was babble and feasting as they talked over their plans.

The spinster school-teacher on the third floor, who had lost her job when her school was closed by lack of pencils and paper and fuel, was greeted by a brother-in-law, all smiles. He came with a suggestion about a small flour-mill which was lying idle in his village.

The Georgian couple on the first floor, who had been dancers but now

lived by an older profession still—although the lady's charms were fading—found a warm friend in an uncle from Tiflis, who brought two plump goatskins of Naperiolui, red and potent as Burgundy. He had his eye on a dance-hall in the care-free capital of the Caucasus, where men are bold and wild, and women are wild and fair.

In their room was a lodger, Vasilli Petrovich, aged eighteen. Vasilli knew what he was going to do with his money. There was a girl in the factory where he worked—Vera, her name was—and if only they could have found a room they would have been married already. But rooms cost money. And, beyond that, Vera's people were old-fashioned. They wanted a proper wedding, in church, and a feast afterward. They could not believe that signing the Soviet Register was enough.

If Vera's father had not hurt his spine when he fell off a truck in the war, or if her mother had not been unwilling to leave him alone while she went out to work, perhaps Vera's ten rubles a week would have been her own to spend. She might have agreed to drop the feast and the priest, and just get registered, and pay only the small fee of fifteen kopeks for the stamp on the marriage certificate, and share Vasilli's narrow quarters in the tenement. But she had refused to leave her parents, and the boy had despaired. Now, of course, it was smooth sailing for both of them, and for her parents too.

The unskilled metal-worker with his wife and four young children in the stuffy cellar decided at once upon three square meals a day for a month. Then they would buy some clothes,

and squeaky, shiny, leather shoes—that sign and proof of success in the Russian village—and with them they would go back home to the country.

They could get from the village soviet an allotment of the land which was lying idle because it needed a few hundred rubles for drainage. Their brothers and sisters and cousins had longed for this land, and so had the metal-worker himself; but the desperate pains of living on the soil had driven him to Petersburg to work fourteen hours a day in the factory. When they had drained the land it would be the richest in the village. The former *mir* had often talked about getting the work done, and once had even tried to raise funds for it from the *Barin*. But the *Barin* had had a bad season at Monte Carlo, and nothing ever came of it.

Now, with six souls in the family, they could get eighteen *dessiatins* (about forty-five acres), three apiece, as the law said. There would be fifteen *dessiatins* more if their five unmarried relatives would join them to help them work it. Already they saw themselves as *kulaks* (rich peasants), perhaps even with a slate roof on their house, asking the village priest to dinner after church on Sunday—and the priest eager to accept, so rich would be their fare.

Upstairs, in a passage corner no bigger than a dog-kennel, was Marfa Sergeyevna with her three young children, one already doomed with tuberculosis. There was hope for the other two, the doctor had said, if they could go to a sanitarium in the Crimea. But Marfa belonged to no Union, and the reference signed by

her late mistress, saying that she had served seven faithful years as scullery maid in the big house on the English Quay, was no recommendation in Soviet eyes; nor yet that her dead husband had won the Cross of St. George for holding back some brief while longer the German troops from Warsaw.

But now Ivanusha would breathe the soft salt air, and watch the sea rippling blue, and the dark straight cypresses, and the feathery palm-trees, to soothe his dying. And the two little ones would live and get strong—the doctor had promised it—once they reached the Crim.

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So it was that each one in the Lucky House had a dearest hope, of love or comfort or greed or health.

And then, alas, the foul smoke of Capitalism crept into the idyl. A discussion arose, at first mild, but growing in acerbity, between two groups of tenants. How, exactly, should the money be divided? The party of the first part, henceforth known as the Capitalists, contended that the division of the prize should be in proportion to the floor-space occupied by each member of the tenants' association, irrespective of the number of his dependents. On that basis, the Capitalists argued, they paid their rent.

The party of the second part, henceforth known as the Proletarians, claimed that the proper course was to divide the prize equally among all; that even the smallest babe was, *ipso facto*, a tenant, and therefore had the same right to a full share as anybody else. The discussion became a dispute, the dispute a crisis. Finally they went to law.

The People's Court settled the case in short order. "Whereas: the prize was won by the tenants' association as such, composed, as the record shows, of ten members, here as follows enumerated . . . the Court decides that the prize shall be divided among said members according to the area of floor for which they pay rent; that is, in proportion to their stake in the aforesaid tenants' association, irrespective of their progeny or dependents."

What joy in the ranks of the Capitalists! What bitterness in the Proletarian camp! Nine thousand rubles for the Georgian couple. That would start two dance-halls in Tiflis. But for the metal-worker and his wife and their brood of babes, only a thousand rubles by this rule of floor-space. How would that drain the farm, and buy seed and plows and horses, and cows and pigs and poultry, and the solid slate-roofed house?

And what of Marfa and the dying boy who shared her mattress in the angle of the passage, and the two smaller children slung in their basket overhead? Passages are not counted in the calculations of Russian floor-space. Marfa paid no rent, and was, in fact—in fact and in law—no more than a courtesy member of the tenants' association. The Communist judge had dealt justly according to his lights, but his verdict stole life and hope from the fatherless and the widow.

Only Vasilli did not care. As sub-tenant of the Georgians, he would receive for his corner of their room, which was the largest in the house, fully three thousand rubles, perhaps more. Vera and he had found an

apartment, with two clean light rooms, sharing kitchen and actually a bath with only three other people. Why, if Vasilli got only a thousand he'd have more than enough.

But up in her attic the spinster teacher Maria Nikolaievna brooded. The long drafty room, the bare uneven boards were transmuted by this verdict into gold. A full member of the tenants' association, she occupied—it was there in the record—not less than a quarter of the floor-space of the whole tenement. Her share was therefore twenty-two thousand five hundred rubles, exactly. Her brother-in-law had embraced her when he heard the court's decision, and his fat daughter had danced gurgling around them.

Now, in her attic, Maria Nikolaievna brooded. What claim had her brother-in-law and his fat child on her anyway? Not a word or a line until now. What good would it do her to get twenty-two thousand rubles if they were only to go to these strangers? And that Georgian woman, how she had gloated when the verdict came. . . . Nasty creature, with her oily husband. . . .

Gradually, subconsciously almost, she came to a decision. The money must be distributed equally among all the tenants, young and old. The verdict must be upset. . . . The Proletarians had found a champion.

Beginning with no clear motive, Maria Nikolaievna soon found herself aflame with the passion of a Joan of Arc. Her eager speech rallied the Proletarians to new effort. From factories and clubs she collected petitions. She besieged offices and ante-rooms, importunate as the widow of Scripture.

At last a retrial was ordered. The Appeal Court, packed with workers, heard the whole case from the beginning, probing every detail. Then came the verdict, wise as Solomon's in its neglect of Law's letter for the spirit of Justice.

"Whereas: the verdict of the People's Court," read the presiding judge, "was based upon a narrow interpretation of the law determining the status of tenants' associations, and neglected to take into due consideration the basic principle of Soviet jurisprudence, namely, that the interests of the poor and humble shall be protected, said verdict is declared null and void. The Court of Appeal holds it important that in this case of universal interest there should be demonstrated the equality of all Soviet citizens, irrespective of sex or age. Furthermore, it is undesirable to permit discriminations of an economic or financial character to operate to the detriment of the weaker members of this communal group. The Court therefore decides that the prize shall be distributed equally among the thirty-seven souls domiciled in this building."

The Proletarians had triumphed! Maria Nikolaievna was a heroine—to all save her brother-in-law.

But, as the Bolsheviks have learned, the demon of Capitalism is not so lightly exorcised. After the first shock of dismay, the adversaries rallied. The uncle from Tiflis had a compatriot, high-placed in the Commissariat of Justice in Moscow. Let them, he said, take the case to the Supreme Court there, away from the atmosphere of popular agitation which had influenced the Appeal Court of Petrograd to its scandalous

verdict, and all would yet be well. What was more, he added, the decision of the Supreme Court would be final. If they won in Moscow, that would end it; there could be no reversal.

And so at last the case came before the five judges of the Supreme Court of the Soviet Union. No vociferous witnesses here, no eager public, no impassioned words. Quietly, at leisure, the judges pondered the facts; and, aloof and icy, gave their verdict.

Both the lower courts, the verdict stated, had failed to remark the essential feature of the case, namely, the status of the tenants' association as an entity or legal personage. It was erroneous to assume that the prize belonged to the individuals who composed it. The title to the money was vested in the association as an entity, and the funds must be devoted uniquely to the purposes for which said association existed in Soviet law; that is, to the maintenance of the premises concerned and to hygienic and cultural measures for the welfare of the tenants.

In other words, Leningrad's Lucky House might shine with tiled bathrooms and polished plumbing, might blaze with electric lights and gaily painted walls; there could be a reading-room with a bust of Lenin in eternal bronze, and instead of the filthy court a garden pleasure ennobled by a marble Marx. But not one single solitary kopek might any one, single or married, adult or child, put into his individual pocket or spend for his own ends.

Is not this the story of the Golden Fish, which every Russian knows?

A poor fisherman lived with his wife in a hovel by the sea. One day he caught a fairy fish, who promised to gratify his desires in return for life. The fisherman went home and told his wife of their good fortune. She wished for a stone cottage, a cow and a horse, poultry, and a pig. The fisherman went back to the shore and called aloud upon the fish, whose golden head emerged at once from the waves. The wish was granted.

But the woman's appetite grew with eating. Soon she sent her husband to demand a fine house, with plate glass windows and powdered flunkies. Again the fish performed the miracle.

Again the wife became dissatisfied. She rose by rapid stages from rich bourgeoisie to noble, from noble to czar, from czar to that distant figure whose medieval fame reached darkest Russia, the Pope of Rome, with power to bend the proudest monarchs of Christendom to his will. Here was the final miracle; the fat peasant woman a-seat in St. Peter's chair, with the papal tiara on her brow.

But over the Pope there is One Master. Drunk with ambition she craved divinity. For the last time the golden head of the fairy fish gleamed among the waves.

"Back to your hovel!" he cried, and vanished.

And the couple ended where they first began.

WHEN THE READER WRITES

My dear Editor,

I am financially unable to subscribe for *THE CENTURY* at this time. I am farming, and, as some articles in your magazine indicate, that is rarely a lucrative profession. If a bachelor I suppose I should raise the fee in some way, but a wife and children have prior rights over my personal interests.

That I value *THE CENTURY* is the main reason I am writing. I would not have you think otherwise. If it has any peer among periodicals the "Geographic" alone can claim it, and the "Geographic" deals with a different field.

Just as soon as circumstances permit you will find me on your mailing list again. The loss of the intervening issues will hurt me more than the lack of subscription does you.

Sincerely yours,

KENNETH J. BROWN

Pathlow, Sask.

My dear Editor,

A fascinating tale you published, that of Elisabeth Cobb Chapman's "Walls Have Tongues."

One of the most absorbing little stories I have chanced upon in many moons. The author through some fictional magic robs the reader of his identity and makes him an obscure person in the narrative. There is a nicety in her expression and her descriptive manner is elegant.

I had the feeling when I finished with her story that I had gotten into my possession some priceless old bit of Florentine handiwork. She creates the tempo of pleasant reality which crowds out any strained attempt for the old Gothic effect. She has given life to a character or two worthy of canvas and oil.

Let me tip my hat to the author, using you as my proxy and let me add that *THE CENTURY* is a reference with me in its choice of equally charming stories.

Yours very truly,

RICHARD M. CALDWELL

Sapulpa, Oklahoma.

My dear Editor,

Mr. Long Lance's article in the December *CENTURY* deserves praise for the courage with

which the author faces the bureaucratic criticism of army officials. In spite of the fact that Mr. Long Lance is no longer in service, he will no doubt be a target for the shafts of criticism from officialdom at West Point and at Washington as well.

The two conditions responsible for the decadence of standards at West Point should receive immediate and serious attention from the public at large. If the annual stipend of \$1,072, together with the unquestioned honor and opportunity connected with the appointment, does not secure the highest type of manhood for our small army, the public has a right to ask whether money is not being misappropriated for the support of West Point. Why should a "ticket system" of admission to one of our finest institutions be maintained merely to supply political patronage for Congressmen to distribute? Furthermore, why should any young man who has not mastered the equivalent of a first-class high-school curriculum ever be permitted to enter West Point?

Graduates of West Point should be adequately supported. Meager pay for expert technical service has always been a failing method to attract the personnel desired for the particular service. Girls nineteen years of age graduating from two-year courses in our best teachers colleges often secure positions with salaries equivalent to those stated for the men graduating at West Point after four years of arduous study. West Point men should be required to give evidence of high ability at entrance, and paid adequately upon graduation.

JOHN W. CHARLES

Cedar Falls, Iowa.

My dear Editor,

But we can't all do what Mr. Robinson says in his article, "Nigh On To Thirty" in the November *CENTURY*—there's the everlasting necessary dollar for the taxes, the street assessment, the insurance whether you live in Philadelphia or Woodstock.

However, his article satisfied a hunger which cannot be satisfied in reality. I must write for readers so some one else may have royalties and I may have a check at the end of the month.

Impulsively,

NELL GLEASON

Philadelphia, Pa.